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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **Lords.** A CONVERSATION took place in the Upper House on Friday week, on the subject of battle-ships, in which Lord SPENCER informed Lord HOOD of Avalon that the Government did not think it necessary to make any immediate addition to their building programme in consequence of the loss of the *Victoria*.

Commons. At the morning sitting of the House of Commons, two hours were spent, and a dangerous precedent established, by the Irishmen, who, despite the opposition of the Government, got a Drainage Bill re-committed for the purpose of lowering a municipal franchise. Sir EDWARD GREY again declared that the British ships at Bangkok had not been ordered off by the French Admiral, and would not have gone if they had been. A long wrangle on the mobbing of "Evangelists" at Bundoran threatened to stop the Report stage of the Vote on Account, which was, however, closed through. In the evening Mr. STOREY moved his celebrated Resolution to overrule the House of Lords in the case of measures already passed twice by the Commons, and twice resisted above. He was seconded by Mr. SNAPE. But neither of these grave constitution-tinkers dealt with the interesting difficulty, How is a resolution affecting one House of Parliament and passed by the other to take effect? Also the abhorred count made its appearance at a quarter to eleven. Mr. STOREY was as a tale that is told; the thin-spun thread of Mr. SNAPE's argument was snapped, and the House of Lords could breathe again.

Lords. On Monday the House of Lords talked about Indian silver, and Lord KIMBERLEY expressed a Gladstonian readiness to "abolish any-thing," especially the hall-mark. Now, why Indian silver cannot be let in without doing this we see not.

Commons. In the Commons Mr. GLADSTONE, in a nobly and skilfully wooden manner, foiled Mr. MACFARLANE, who is very anxious for our immediate exodus from Egypt, and Mr. COBB, who wishes to rake up the doings of Rowdy Thursday. When the Report stage of the Home Rule Bill came on, some misapprehension seems to have been created by Mr. BALFOUR's not being

on the spot to move the exclusion of the Irish members. It has been explained that the same amendment was to be moved by another member later, so that Mr. BALFOUR might be able to reply on it. The new clauses actually moved were all of importance and relevance, and the scandalous gerrymandering of the proposed constituencies was exposed, practically without a defender (outside Nationalist ranks) on the Government side. But the majorities were, as the *Daily News* happily put it, "a monotonous manifestation of the strength of 'the Government'—and, if we might add a word or two, of the toughness of its supporters' consciences."

Lords. The Upper House met on Tuesday, forwarded such business as there was for it, and then adjourned for a fortnight, to allow HER MAJESTY's faithful Commons to prepare some more.

Commons. In the Commons Mr. GLADSTONE formally announced that the Government had at last screwed up its courage (but this was not the form of words he used) to the Autumn Session, which a part of his followers are loudly demanding, and another part silently detesting. Mr. CHAPLIN then moved the adjournment to discuss the new fifteen-rupees-a-sovereign rule in India. Mr. CHAPLIN himself appeared to be under the impression that some wrong was being done to the Indian people; Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT (nobody quite knew why, unless for the assigned reason that Mr. BALFOUR had superannuated him by implication in his Mansion House speech) got into one of those curious and elaborate rages which always appear simulated even when they are real. Mr. BALFOUR once more exhibited himself in the mood (as of a bimetallic GALAHAD) to sing "All armed I ride, 'Whate'er betide, Until I find the Holy Graal" (which, mark you, was a silver vessel). Others also spoke. On the resumption of the Home Rule debate, Mr. MACARTNEY moved the duplicate of Mr. BALFOUR's dropped clause on the exclusion of the Irish members, and this was still the subject when midnight came. Mr. GLADSTONE had spoken, like his CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in a rage. The effects of a virtuous resolution are usually supposed to be calmness and peace of mind; but this was not well seen of HER

MAJESTY'S Ministers after they had made up their minds to a *sedet aternumque sedebit* attitude.

Commons. Mr. GERALD BALFOUR, who had been left in possession of the House the night before, opened the debate on Wednesday with an effective examination of the Government position—not quite adequately answered by Mr. PAUL's argument that Clause 9—his own leader's Clause 9—was so utterly unworkable that retention for all purposes was the only thing left. Mr. PAUL, we should imagine, would not feel pleased if an armed burglar were to say, "Dear sir, I have striven to devise a plan for the satisfactory division of your plate between myself and you." "This passes my wit; therefore I must have it all," however much he might agree as to the unsatisfactory character of the burglar's first scheme. The debate was wound up by three *promachi*—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (who was persistently interrupted by Mr. GLADSTONE in a manner which, had the parts been reversed, would have sent the PRIME MINISTER into a frenzy); Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT (who seems to have come into the debate *vice* Mr. MORLEY retired to adjust ruffles and refit a sprung temper, and who on this occasion remarked, with real wit, that "he should not have time" to defend his own consistency); and Mr. BALFOUR, who summed up very well. The majority by which the only possible "consideration" for Home Rule was finally struck out was exactly forty; but there was a very little cross voting.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK obtained as large a majority on Thursday afternoon for restoring the Betterment Clause in the London County Council Bill as might have been expected in a House which at least observes one Scriptural precept—that as to making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Then the House, after accepting a clause of Sir HENRY JAMES's precluding in certain circumstances the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, rejected one of Mr. MILDMA's for securing protection to the QUEEN's subjects. And, indeed, it may be fully admitted that the Bill is not one for the protection of anybody who would call himself the QUEEN's subject, so that Mr. MILDMA's clause might almost have been ruled out, to begin with. In the debate on Sir HENRY JAMES's proposal, the chief notable things were a very amusing attack by Mr. BALFOUR and an exceedingly wrathful reply from Mr. GLADSTONE.

Politics out of Parliament. The first of what we hope will be a long and effective series of meetings to protest against the undigested and undiscussed mass called the Bill for the Government of Ireland was held at Liverpool this day week, attended by some 30,000 persons, and addressed by divers members of Parliament.—Mr. LOGAN followed Mr. FISHER in "explaining" to his constituents. He did this in a very angry style, and challenged Mr. FISHER to the silly "resigning-and-taking-the-sense" business. Mr. FISHER's seat is not, we believe, in the slightest danger, and Mr. LOGAN's might be won; but we sincerely hope that nothing of the kind will be done. It is the QUEEN's business, not DICK's, or TOM's, or HARRY's, to "take the sense of the constituencies," and the only occasion when a man is justified in resigning for experiment is when he has distinctly changed his views on some important point which was before his constituents when they elected him. It is even doubtful whether he is bound to do so then, or whether his resignation does not encourage the infinitely mischievous delegate view of a member's position.

On Thursday was published a correspondence between Sir FREDERICK MILNER and Mr. GLADSTONE, in which the latter declined to argue for his repetition—after the clearest refutation—of the offensive charge

about Tory-Irish intrigues seven years ago, saying that it was his "opinion." Mr. GLADSTONE remembers doubtless the sage who said that what distinguishes men from Gods and Beasts is this very Opinion. And we may, like him, use this human privilege to form a very decided opinion of the man who, in the face of repeated denials, and without a tittle of affirmative evidence, persists in such a charge.

The candidates for Hereford, Mr. RADCLIFFE COOKE and Sir JOSEPH PULLEY, were duly nominated on Thursday, an intervening nondescript having sensibly retired. But the most noteworthy thing in yesterday morning's political news was a correspondence between the Whips about the LOGAN-FISHER apologies, in which Mr. MARJORIBANKS, against the direct testimony of Sir WILLIAM WALROND and Mr. WHARTON, supported, as Sir WILLIAM well pointed out, by the only possible construction to be placed on Mr. GLADSTONE's action and words, declined to remember a "definite arrangement," but he actually admitted the whole point by saying "it never occurred to him that Mr. LOGAN would cede the advantage of speaking first." How could he "cede" what, according to Mr. MARJORIBANKS, he had not got? Some notice in passing may be expected of a trumpety calumny against Mr. BRODRICK, who, to a Bank Holiday audience, said something about a donkey. The Gladstonians, assuming apparently that when a man speaks of a donkey he can only mean Mr. GLADSTONE, first charged Mr. BRODRICK falsely with having called the PRIME MINISTER by that name, and then invented a storm of popular indignation which had as much and as little existence as the alleged offence.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. It was told this day week how fighting in Samoa had both begun and ended. The invading Dervishes in Upper Egypt had retreated, but had carried off prisoners with them. The blockade had been raised in Siam.

There was little of interest in Monday's news except the reports of the *Cocarde* forgeries trial in Paris. These contained some amusing evidence of French hatred towards this country, some awkward revelations of M. DEVELLE's and M. DUPUY's statesmanship, and a violent quarrel between MM. DE MORÈS and CLÉMENCEAU. The sentences—NORTON to three years' and DUCRET to one year's imprisonment, with nominal fines—were light enough; the jury finding extenuating circumstances. These lay, no doubt, in the ill-will of the prisoners towards England, for it is not clear what others there were. The Corinth Canal had been duly opened; and it was not said whether the ghost of "the implacable beautiful tyrant" appeared to manifest wrath at the completion of his baffled enterprise.

On Tuesday morning we learnt that a fresh battery of Panama documents had been unmasked, and that M. DE MORÈS was angry. Indeed, this noble Marquis doth more than a little suggest that famous character of English dramatic and Parliamentary history, the "Angry Boy." From India were reported some troubles in Beloochistan, and a thickening of the plot in the matter of the North Behar cadastral survey, where (say some) certain Home Rulers in the Civil Service are trying to make Irish landlords of the zemindars. It seemed not unlikely that a tariff war between Russia and Austria would be added to the very lively one already existing between Russia and Germany. "Sticks were freely used" at the International Socialist Congress at Zürich; and, indeed, an elective affinity may be observed to exist between your Socialist and your stick. You have to choose between keeping him down with it, and letting him apply it first to his fellows and then to you.

Two items of the first importance appeared on Wednesday morning—President CLEVELAND's Message to Congress, which was uncompromisingly anti-Silver;

and the statement that Sir HENRY MORTIMER DURAND will start for Cabul, at the end of the month, to confer with the AMEER. The hurtle of mud-throwing in France continued and thickened.

On Thursday morning foreign and colonial news was rather flat. A detachment of the R.M.A. had been sent to take possession of and complete the very important fortification works at Esquimalt; the silver men in America were caucussing; and fresh statements were made as to the very sensible fashion in which the SULTAN is said to have told the KHEDIVE to go home, be a good little boy, and not try to bar out his masters.

Archbishop GOUTHE-SOULARD has made his appearance again in France with a published private letter endeavouring, we fear not quite successfully, to acquit the POPE of touching pitch and the Republic. The French are anticipating trouble in Madagascar.

Mr. GLADSTONE made a discursive, but excellent, speech at the National Workmen's Exhibition, this day week, on industrial art, including glass coffins and many other things. Among many good observations, not the least good was his protest against the architects who cannot bear to leave a foot of wall unoccupied by some fiddling attempt at "ornamentation."

The Law Courts. Mr. J. H. WILSON, M.P., had another lesson (we wish we could hope he will learn it) on Wednesday at Liverpool, where the jury found a verdict against him for libelling the owners of the Allan Line, with 200*l.* damages.

Yachting. Yesterday week saw a particularly interesting day's racing at Cowes, in weather hardly less squally than the day before. Those old foes the *Meteor* and the *Iverna* sailed a match, in which the German EMPEROR's yacht was said to concede twenty-four seconds, but in which she was beaten by a full minute. The *Vendetta* won in the forties. But the big cutter race was by far the most interesting. The *Britannia*'s mast was still too badly sprung for her to take part in it, but the *Satanita* did not miss the opportunity of a second triumph in weather just suited to her; the *Valkyrie* appears to be equal to any weather; and the *Calluna* and *Navahoe*, roughly as they had been handled the day before, were fit again. The race was an exceedingly fine one; and, though the American boat once more showed how unfitted her model is to anything but a summer sea, and the *Calluna* was outpaced, there was yet but a bare seven minutes between the four at the finish. The *Satanita* was able to give her time allowance to the *Valkyrie* with three seconds to spare, and the *Calluna* and *Navahoe* followed at intervals of rather more and rather less than three minutes respectively.

The American cutter, however, had been most pluckily sailed in these robustious circumstances, and her owner, if not her builders, deserved a consolation prize. This he got on Saturday last, when the principal match of the Royal Southampton Club was reduced to a match between the *Navahoe* and the *Calluna*, and won with ease by the former. The *Varuna* led the forties. Meanwhile, at Portsmouth hard by, an excellent handicap race for cruisers was won by the *Columbine*, without time allowance, and the *Dragon* maintained her superiority over the *Deirdre* in the twenties.

Monday was a day for the small fry, the biggest class in the Calshot Castle Regatta being for twenties (in which the *Deirdre* had her revenge); while competition went down to half-raters.

The large boats, including the *Navahoe*, but not including the *Valkyrie* (which was said to intend no more racing before her departure for America), came out again in the Royal Victoria match on Tuesday, in weather exactly suiting the visitor. She was, indeed, too much at home in it for the *Satanita* and *Calluna*; but the *Britannia* beat her thoroughly on her own

day by nearly four minutes. In a well-contested handicap for cruisers the *Creole* won the first prize and the *Columbine*, which had started badly, the second.

On Wednesday there was no racing in the first class, but the *Lais* was first in her usual trio; the *Dragon* vanquished her equally usual opponent, and the *Samana* won a handicap race by time. A letter was published from Mr. CARROLL, the owner of the *Navahoe*, on Thursday morning, showing some irritation at the comments on his boat's sailing, and declaring that, in the heavy weather of Thursday week, nothing worse happened than the tearing out of her mainsail leach-rope. We are sure that, though some journalists not of the first class may have described the *Navahoe*'s mishaps on that day in the fulsome and vulgar style now affected by them, no Englishman who is worth minding wished to crow over a visitor who has sailed his boat very pluckily, and with a very fair share of success. But certainly the *Navahoe*'s failures and her successes alike have been such as can be best accounted for by her model. And we do not think her owner's assignment of cause quite adequate to the fact—vouched for by most, if not all, competent observers—that on the day in question she more than once appeared to be in imminent danger of capsizing or filling.

For the Ryde Town Cup on Thursday, not only the *Britannia* (by fourteen minutes), but the *Satanita* and *Calluna* also, beat the *Navahoe* in irregular and baffling winds.

Racing. The Lewes Handicap yesterday week, a race of some value, brought out thirteen runners, and was won by Mr. BUCHANAN'S Newcourt somewhat easily from Vanguard and Cereza.

Bank Holiday racing seldom needs much notice, though there was good sport at Redcar. But on Tuesday at Kempton Park Mr. BLAKE'S two-year-old, Delphos, won an excellent race for the International Breeders' Stakes, from a field to all of whom he was giving more than a stone weight.

Cricket. The extremely stormy weather of the end of last week interfered with the decision of most of the matches played. Hampshire, indeed, won a victory over the Sussex team in better style than a county once the cradle of cricket has shown for many years, and Lancashire beat Gloucestershire by an innings and 126 runs (the first innings having been closed at the eighth wicket), chiefly owing to a very fine 127 from SUGG. But Kent v. Surrey, Yorkshire v. Derbyshire, and the Australians v. Essex were all drawn, the last named in favour of the county for which, though Mr. KORTRIGHT had not been quite up to himself, MEAD had bowled splendidly, taking seventeen wickets.

The fine weather of Bank Holiday started the cricket of the present week well on Monday, except in the North, where there was some rain. The Canterbury Week opened with Kent v. Australia and a fairly even day's play. Surrey got rid of Notts at the Oval for 120 (LOCKWOOD and RICHARDSON bowling very well), and then made 70 more for half their own wickets. A most remarkable pair of innings was seen between Lancashire and Yorkshire at Manchester, the red rose making only 64, and the white only 58, while the attack on each side was admirable. Sussex made a biggish score against Gloucestershire. But the best batting of the day occurred at Taunton, where Somerset, after many vicissitudes, got her full strength together, met a very strong Middlesex team, and ran up 358 for eight wickets. Mr. LIONEL PALAIRET contributed 91, his brother 51, Mr. WOODS 58, and Mr. DUNLOP 60 not out.

On Tuesday Surrey beat Notts by all but an innings, going in for the second time to make 3 only; and Lancashire, after another day of very tough fight and

very small scoring, got the better of Yorkshire by five runs. Somerset made their total up to 380 and got Middlesex out for 114 less; but in the follow on Mr. O'BRIEN arose and smote as of old, and his side lost only two wickets for 81.

The cricket of Wednesday at Canterbury and Taunton was very interesting. The Australians were left with only 94 to get and nine wickets to expend on getting it—an operation apparently easy enough. But so good was the Kentish bowling and fielding that the whole of the visitors were got out for 60, and the county won a victory as well deserved as it was ill expected. In the Somerset and Middlesex match, that stand which Mr. O'BRIEN had begun was so well maintained that he himself carried his not out 47 to 84, and by aid from Mr. DOUGLAS, Mr. FORD, RAWLIN, and others, Middlesex was able to close its innings at the eighth wicket, leaving Somerset two hours to play and nearly two runs a minute to get. This was, of course, impossible; but it was not impossible that the home county should lose, though they could not win. The steadiness of Mr. HEDLEY, however, saved the game, and the match was drawn.

Miscellaneous. A very fine Bank Holiday set a vast number of people in motion (and, it is to be hoped, in enjoyment) on Monday. Of the accidents which too often accompany such things, the worst would seem to have been a boat upset at Aberavon, in Swansea Bay, whereby twenty-two persons lost their lives. Unfortunately a very large number of minor accidents of the same kind has followed in different parts of the country during the week.

Obituary. Mr. STILLIE, of Edinburgh, a bookseller, who died on Monday at the age of ninety, had done business with Sir WALTER SCOTT more than seventy years ago as a clerk to the BALLANTYNES.—The Duke de ROHAN was not of the male line of the great House, but of that branch of ROHAN-CHABOT respecting the origin of which TALLEMANT surpasses himself in ill-natured gossip. But still he represented the chief of all ROHANS, that HENRI of whom, being as he was one of the greatest captains and best memoir-writers of the age, the said TALLEMANT telleth us that "he had no "letters," and "they said he was not valiant."

"AS AMENDED TO BE CONSIDERED."

SOME Unionists have been pleased to make merry over the official Parliamentary title of the stage upon which the Home Rule Bill has now entered. They pretend that a measure which has had thirty-three out of its forty clauses withdrawn from discussion cannot be quite accurately said to be reported to the House "as amended to be considered." It is evident, however, that by a trifling alteration of their order the words may be made to fit the facts. Let us say that the Bill is "to be considered as amended," and we at once get over the little difficulty arising from the circumstance that about eleven-thirteenths of it has not only not been amended, but has never even been discussed at all. The Government, then, will only have to provide for the debating of its eighty per cent. of undebated matter on the Report stage, and it will actually become what it is considered to be. We have, however, no authority to state that this is, in fact, their intention; while, on the other hand, "it is "reported," so say the purveyors of political gossip, "that the Government have decided to closure the "current stage of the Bill, should there be any likelihood of its continuing beyond the end of next week." Hence, we may take it that only a very few more clauses will be added to those on which the House has already been indulgently allowed to express an opinion, before

the motion is made to read the measure a third time, preparatory to its departure for the House of Lords.

In these circumstances we ought, perhaps, to congratulate ourselves on the fact that such debate as the opponents of the Bill have already been able to raise has been of an especially instructive kind, and that Ministers have perhaps cut a worse figure in it—though we know how much that is to say—than in any of the discussions which have preceded it. As it happened, the very first of the new clauses which the SPEAKER's rulings allowed to be moved had the effect of nailing the gerrymandering schedule to the table, from which Ministers, perhaps wisely, made not the feeblest attempt to detach it. We say "perhaps wisely," because it is impossible not to suspect that the feebleness of the attempt in question was, to a large extent, conscious, and, in a certain sense, deliberate. Ill as we think of Mr. GLADSTONE's and Mr. MORLEY's case, and conspicuous as has been the weakness which they have before this shown in the advocacy of bad cases, we cannot quite believe in their inability to do any better than they did the other night. The truth is that there is no particular reason why they should cudgel their brains at this advanced stage of matters for plausible defences of the indefensible. What is an iniquity more or less to men who have framed the most iniquitous measure ever submitted to Parliament and have had its worst frauds stripped bare already? Why not gerrymander the representation of Ireland to extinguish the loyalist minority and please its enemies, their masters, when the very arrangement under which Ireland is to be represented at all is based on the grossest piece of duplicity to the British constituencies that even the Government have committed? What does the extinction of the loyalist minority matter? Nay, what does anything in the Bill matter, things having got to their present pass? The situation, in short, is an extremely simple one; and it proportionately simplifies their line of conduct in relation to any such question as that raised by Mr. PARKER SMITH. Either the electors whose votes won Mr. GLADSTONE the seats which he holds in England and Scotland have intelligence enough to perceive, and spirit and patriotism enough to resent, his shameful violation of his pledges to them, and his criminal betrayal of the national interests which he swore to safeguard: or they are either too stupid to perceive these things, or too indifferent to their own rights, and their country's dangers, to resent them. On the former hypothesis, nothing can save Mr. GLADSTONE; on the latter, nothing can hurt him; and in either case, therefore, ingenuity would be wasted on the vindication of his policy.

We cannot, we say, help attributing the futility of the speeches delivered the other night by Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY to a just appreciation of this peculiarity in their personal position. No doubt, however, they could have made but little of their desperate case in any event. The attempt to gerrymander the Irish representation—whether that attempt originated of their own conception, or was forced upon them by some one of the Four Masters below the Gangway—is of too mountainous a grossness, of too naked an openness, of too obtrusive a palpability, to allow any chance of success to even the most brazen simulation of innocence on the part of its authors. In reducing a representation of 103 members to 80, you cannot hope to confine your disfranchising work wholly to seats in the possession of your political opponents, to take members from their populous centres and give or leave members to petty constituencies held by your political friends; and to reverse all accepted electoral principles by abandoning single-member constituencies and introducing *scrutin de liste*, with the object of extinguishing all minority representation; you cannot, in

short, create the series of electoral anomalies and inequalities, all operating in favour of your political friends and against your political enemies, which the Government have created over the whole of Ireland, without at the same time establishing against yourself a case with which all your impudence will be unable to cope. But the case having been established, perhaps Mr. MORLEY's way of dealing with it is as good as any other. That is to say, it saves trouble to ignore most of the hostile criticisms and to evade the others under a cloud of false statistics; to declare that the representation of Ireland has been redistributed, not according to strength of electorate, but to numbers of population, when the redistribution deals no more fairly with population than with electorate; to allege that, even on the estimate of its critics, it will give the minority its existing share of the representation of Ireland, when on this estimate it will really give them some twenty-five per cent. less than that existing share, and about thirty per cent. less than their proper share; and, finally, to fall back on the one all-serviceable Ministerial reply that "these are our views," but that if they are not liked "they can be changed." Single-member constituencies by all means "if the House desires"—and if we do not have to closure the whole discussion long before the Schedule is reached.

"If the House desires it" promises, indeed, to be a formula of considerable value to the Government; for, to judge by the course of the debate on Mr. MACARTNEY's proposal, it is really upon this, that they mean to rely in defence of the Ninth Clause. We say really upon this, because it is obvious, we think, that the defence of the Government, such as it is, is to be found in Mr. GLADSTONE's speech of Tuesday last. The Ministerial share in the debate of Wednesday was as good as naught. Even Ministers could have hoped nothing from the clumsy sophistry of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, who was only put up as advocate of the retention of the Irish members to spare the CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD-LIEUTENANT (who had "plunged" so heavily and so incautiously, in 1886, on their exclusion) the pain of having to perform that task himself. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is more deeply dipped in other ways; but, in supporting the retention of the Irish members, he enjoyed—for him—the unusual advantage of advocating a policy which he has only silently voted against, and never oratorically denounced. His advocacy, however, consisted of a single "argument" only. He asserted many times that those who voted for Mr. MACARTNEY would be supporting the "principle put forward by the Unionist party of depriving Ireland of all voice in the affairs of the Empire." It would be retorting the charge with equal grace and candour (and with considerably more plausibility) to say that the "principle" put forward by the Gladstonians is to secure to Ireland a voice not so much in the affairs of the Empire as in the domestic concerns of England and Scotland, while excluding them from all concern in hers. But it is not necessary to go so far in imitation of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT as this. It is quite sufficient to say that, whatever the "principle" of the Ninth Clause, it has now been so remodelled as to make it impossible to give Ireland any voice in the affairs of the Empire without allowing her to deprive Great Britain of the control over her own domestic affairs. The Unionists say that, rather than subject Great Britain to this injustice and indignity, they must oppose the admission of Ireland to any share in the determination of Imperial questions; and on this policy, as explained and justified for the last time in the two great speeches of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on Wednesday afternoon, the Unionist party are prepared any day to go before the British constituencies. Mr. GLADSTONE, it seems, is preparing to go to them, not

to justify his having put them under the Irish hoof (we again employ Mr. LABOUCHERE's expression), but to deprecate their resentment by an ignoble protestation of "Please, it wasn't me." It is the House of Commons—in other words, it is a majority without, as they have shown a dozen times, either souls of their own or as much backbone as the *amphioxus*—who, forsooth, have performed the operation with the hoof and neck as aforesaid. It is they who have forced it upon Mr. GLADSTONE—he is going to tell the British electorate—although he is also at the same time going to explain to them, if we may judge from one of his interruptions last Wednesday, that "he throws no responsibility on the House of Commons," and that he and his colleagues are "exclusively responsible." It is feared by many of his advisers that the result of the explanation will be to ensure the expulsion of a "pure Scotchman" from the leading constituency of Scotland. And if the English elector is not ripe for a servitude which the Scot rejects, it ought to have a similar effect on the political fortunes of many of his followers.

A WELSH MARE'S-NEST.

"LET me," said SALTOUN of Hawthornden, "make "the mare's-nests of a people, and I care not who writes their leading articles." A little reflection on this unhackneyed text suggests a comparative study of national mare's-nests. The subject, is large and complex; let it suffice, by way of making a start, to examine a Welsh mare's-nest. Many patriotic natives of the Principality have seriously inclined to believe that the Welsh discovered America long before the impostor of Cogoletto. A similar claim has been urged for ST. BRANDAN, and, with more plausibility, for LEIF the Lucky. In 1858, as we gather from Mr. STEPHENS's *Madoc* (LONGMANS & Co.), an Eisteddfod offered a prize for the best essay on the Discovery of America in the Twelfth Century, by "PRINCE MADOC AB OWAIN GWYNNED." The considerable sum of 20*l.* and a silver star (say thirty shillings) produced a field of six. Five of these intrepid men averred that MADOC (following LEIF) anticipated COLUMBUS. The late Mr. STEPHENS alone declared in the essay before us that MADOC never discovered America, nor probably anything else. The Committee, to the disgust of "all fair-minded Welshmen," "noballed" Mr. STEPHENS, so to speak, alleging that his work on the non-discovery did not deal with the topic proposed. There was a good deal of trouble, and finally the prize was never awarded at all. Mr. STEPHENS's work in English is now published for the first time, and it settles MADOC, except among ardent patriots.

Mr. STEPHENS first examined the evidence of Bardic poems, some of them by contemporaries of MADOC. One of these poems was translated to show that the hero was, somewhere, drowned in the sea. It means nothing of the sort; it means that MADOC was killed, probably on dry land. In another poem, somebody is said to have perished on the deep; unluckily his name is not given. Another bard, three hundred years after date, says that one MADOC was fond of sailing. Next, in a triad, probably of the sixteenth century, MADOC is said to have gone to sea with ten ships, "and it is not known to what place they went." A Dr. WILLIAMS quotes a statement that MADOC crossed the Atlantic and settled somewhere; but, alas! he does not give his authority. All other statements are undeniably post-Columbian. Dr. POWELL fortifies his belief by the Mexican tradition of QUETZALCOATL (which is not a Welsh name), and by some etymologies, as "penguin" = "white head." Unluckily, penguins have black heads. The nonsense got into HAKLUYT, RALEIGH, and PURCHAS, who borrow from

POWELL and LLWYD. The more we depart from contemporary records, as with HOWELL, of *Literæ Ho-Eliaue*, the more is known of MADOC; even his grave, with a Welsh inscription, is found in the West Indies. The sign of the cross, in America, is due to the influence of MADOC, and so forth. If there was any historical QUETZALCOATL—a very improbable idea—he may have been Bishop ERIC, who left Greenland for Vineland the Good, and never returned. However that may be, it is certain that there is no contemporary evidence for MADOC's voyage, and no pre-Columbian legend of his crossing the Atlantic. Then we arrive at travellers' tales. The Welsh, like the Lost Tribes, have been found by travellers from the Missouri to Mexico. HORNIUS says that the Virginians worshipped MADOC, or MATEC, which is hardly the same thing. Even in Peru, MADOC is recognized in MANCO CAPAC, the mythical culture hero. The discovery of pottery was hailed as proof of a Welsh settlement! In 1670, one STEDMAN, who probably did not know Welsh, found Welsh-speaking Indians, "from *Pridain Fawr*," on the Florida coast. After this Welshmen were found all over America; CATLIN thought the Mandans might be Welsh! Missions were organized, subscriptions were got up, for the conversion of these interesting but benighted wanderers. One JONES vowed that he had preached to them thrice a week "in the British language." Perhaps he did, but certainly they did not understand him. Even the Pawnees figured as Welshmen. The Welsh Indians flourished as late as 1775; in Pennsylvania, in 1801, some Welsh Indians turned up in Washington—the Asquaws, about whom, as a matter of fact, the less said the better. "This is tolerably stiff testimony," says Mr. STEPHENS. In brief, MADOC's men were discovered from Canada to Peru; the Welsh, like rabbits, "multiply very rapidly." Out of six essayists, in 1858, five were ready to continue what Mr. STEPHENS calls "the ruinous practice" of believing in this nonsense, which "has lowered our character as truthful men." Mr. STEPHENS pricked the bubble, and reduced the Welsh mare's-nest from an historical tradition to a fairy tale. But who can prevent patriots from believing in MADOC, and in the *Vengeur*? Mr. STEPHENS, like Mr. CARLYLE, must war unvictorious.

THE AFGHAN MISSION.

THAT Sir HENRY DURAND will start—as announced in the *Times* of Wednesday—on a mission to Cabul in a week or two is news which lacks neither importance nor interest. It is extremely proper that it should be accompanied, as it was, by a statement that there is no "sudden development in Afghan politics," that the AMEER has "recently shown extreme friendliness," and so forth. It is of course very desirable that negotiations should be begun when the other party is friendly, and it is just as well that they should not be postponed till there is a "sudden development." In the last case they are extremely apt to be too late. As to the envoy, it is not probable that any one could have been chosen more suitable than the Indian Foreign Secretary, who is, in a manner, at the top of his own tree, and with whose selection even the inscrutable combination of vanity and jealousy, of pride and fear, which so often animates Oriental potentates, can find nothing to quarrel. Sir HENRY DURAND is not new to such missions, and it may be hoped that a fortunate addition to his record is in store for him.

It is, in truth, quite time that those "various frontier questions" to which the *Times*' Correspondent, in sending the news, alludes with great soberness and chastity, were settled; and it is a great pity that a fit

of the quality or qualities above referred to prevented the AMEER from receiving Lord ROBERTS some time ago to settle them. It may doubtless be desirable that, as the same authority observes, they should be settled before the VICEROY leaves, whether the best or the worst in the way of a successor be expected. And if the Indian Government thinks that the way in which its affairs have been managed on the Upper Mekong is not the way in which it would like them to be managed on the Upper Oxus, we, at least, do not deem it necessary to find fault on that score. Indeed, persons given to carping—a vile race—might say that the buffer-State theory is the *causa malorum* in both cases. But we shall admit that the two cases are not wholly alike. On the South-East there are countries physically troublesome and unmanageable, with a rather weak possible enemy beyond them. For, though France is certainly not weak at home, and though we should be very sorry to set India the task of occupying the whole Indo-Chinese peninsula, Burmah-fashion, the Indian army must be in a much worse state than we take it to be in if it could not, with proper naval help, clear every Frenchman bag and baggage out of Annam and Cambodia in a not very troublesome campaign. We are afraid we can hardly say so much of the state of things to the North-Westward. Therefore it is well to keep Afghanistan strong and friendly. But your friendly States are apt not to be very strong, and your strong States are apt to suffer eclipses and fluctuations of friendliness. And it must be further admitted that, from his own point of view, the AMEER may sometimes find us trying allies. To receive money and not to be interfered with are the two joys of an Oriental potentate. ABDUL RAHMAN has not much fault to find with us on the first score; but he is believed to think, or to have thought, that he has on the second. We do not interfere with him—nay, we want him to interfere—in Badakshan; but we do not want him to interfere, and we do interfere with him, in Bajaur—and this he is believed to think, or to have thought, "unekal," in the great phrase of SAMUEL's papa. On the other hand, it is a fixed, or at least a pet, idea of ours not to go beyond Hunza in advancing guards towards the Pamirs. In all which there are very pretty opportunities and openings for friendly give-and-take negotiation.

It is very desirable that the negotiation should be undertaken, and extremely important that it should succeed. For with an Ameer disposed to play fast and loose in regard to his own rights and claims on the head waters of the Oxus, or sulking and smarting under some grievance about territories further south, the position of a Power electing to play the peculiar game which England has chosen to play against Russia is, to say the least, uncomfortable, and, to say the most, dangerous. We do not ourselves think that things will ever go well between Russia and England until a much more hard-and-fast limit is drawn than has yet been drawn between the spheres of the two, and until tours of exploration in force beyond that limit are rigidly renounced by the CZAR and the renunciation enforced on his subordinates. But it is possible that frontier arrangements with the AMEER himself may be necessary before undertaking these others, and certain that we shall undertake the others at a considerable disadvantage unless the AMEER is in a good humour. It is not in all cases of foreign politics a good thing to "let it alone," and if it be well to agree with thine enemy whiles thou art in the way with him, it is still better to agree with thy friend whiles he happens to be friendly.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

THE acute annoyance caused to some of the newspaper Correspondents by the unmannerly reticence of the Admiralty, which would not take them into its confidence, has, we are pleased to learn, been compensated by the brilliant and instructive character of the operations which they have been privileged to witness. This is highly satisfactory, as showing that the Admiralty and the navy have not been quite unmindful of their duty to love, serve, and provide copy for newspaper Correspondents. As for the instruction imparted by the manœuvres, we shall always be pleased to hear what it is when that is our good fortune. The interesting character of the spectacle is beyond dispute. The Cowes week was not to be compared with it for fun. It must have been a capital little water-frolic to start from Lamlash with the B Division of the Red Fleet, to have an inspiring little brush with torpedo-boats in the North Channel, to fall pat on the A Division near the Isle of Man, to share in the delightful variation introduced by an unofficial fog, to hear the exhilarating chorus of counter-claims to points from torpedo-boats, torpedo-catchers, and cruisers, and to end up with a most spectacular, though indecisive, sea-fight. It was very jolly, and must have been, for the officers and crews, in every way preferable to grinding at drill or keeping harbour watch.

The instructive nature of the manœuvres is not equally clear; one does not see what the lesson to be learnt was. The battle, it is pleasing to observe, was neither more nor less than a repetition of a movement which was common in the old sailing days. The two fleets passed one another on opposite tacks within range, and one of them then inverted its course by turning sixteen points outwards, which is the equivalent to wearing together and coming to the wind on the opposite tack. ROOKE, POCOCK, or KEPPEL would have seen nothing new in that. One part of the Blue Fleet bore down in line abreast on the Red, but stopped at a safe distance, and so an end of the battle. It was pretty to see, but what does it teach? When the manœuvres are taken as a whole, it is far from obvious what they have proved, if anything. The umpires may tell us; but, up to the present, the instruction refuses to appear. Four squadrons were told off to play against one another, two of a side. The Blue was divided between Berehaven and Blacksod Bay, the Red between Torbay and Lamlash. The game was to get command of the Irish Sea. At the word "Go" the two Blues started, so did the two Reds. The Blues met, so did the Reds. Then they had an indecisive battle, and both went into port for twenty-four hours to refit. A large part of the week was now used up, and, after a little more groping after one another, they were stopped by the Admiralty, sooner by twenty-four hours than had been intended. The umpires have to decide which secured the command of the Irish Sea. They will have some difficulty in finding out that either has. It is impossible to get the command of any sea if two fleets of about equal force are facing one another, with friendly ports behind them, and their encounters are indecisive. Something might have been done if one fleet had concentrated first, and had then attacked the other in detail. But as the distances for the separate parts of both were about equal, there were nineteen chances out of twenty that the sides would concentrate about the same time, or that subdivision would encounter subdivision. We await the finding of the umpires with an open mind; but, as at present advised, decline to allow that such a childishly simple and unnatural arrangement as this can represent the conditions of real war.

The details, with their counter-claims and contra-

dictory assertions, present the unsatisfactory features which we have had to note in previous naval manœuvres. The torpedo-boats assert that they have struck cruisers, who, again, protest that they not only were not struck, but had sunk the torpedo-boats. Numbers of these last in the Blue Fleet were put out of action, but turned up again fresh and fasting in twenty-four hours. In war a torpedo-boat which had been put out of action by the fire of a cruiser would hardly turn up again till the Day of Judgment. There have been as usual complaints that some vessels have not shown the speed and qualities which they ought theoretically to possess. There have been complaints that the crews of some of the vessels were hardly able to manage the engines they had to work. This last is, perhaps, the most serious of all the reports from the ships. If the multiplication and complication of new machines are to make it necessary to keep a specially instructed crew for each vessel, it will be almost impossible in war to replace at a pinch disabled men with others equally competent.

A NEW MEDICAL ENTERPRISE.

THE instructive case, which came before Mr. Justice VAUGHAN WILLIAMS this week, concerning the relations of certain medical shareholders and a Medicated Wine Company, now in process of liquidation, is equally interesting to the medical profession and the general public. The circumstances in which these medical men became shareholders are exceedingly curious, and we would trust quite unprecedented. The Company was formed on the business of a firm of manufacturers of medicated wine. In addition to the purchase money settled upon by the vendors and the Company, it was resolved to allot forty "founders' shares," as fully paid up, to persons named by the vendors as founders of the Company. The Company then proceeded to communicate with various members of the medical profession, offering them these founders' shares, which involved no liability, in return for their patronage of the manufactures of the Company. Each medical man who undertook to prescribe and recommend the medicated wines was offered a fully-paid-up founder's share. This little scheme for making business was only partially successful. The bait, indeed, was taken, and the shares were allotted. But the premature death of the enterprise prevented these medical shareholders from fulfilling their part of the bargain. The Company resolved itself into voluntary liquidation, when it was discovered that the certificates of allotment had been forwarded to the founders without any contract having been registered. Owing to this oversight it was requested that the founders' certificates should be returned as a measure of precaution and in the interest of the holders. They were duly returned; but on the winding-up of the Company the official liquidator placed the names of the founders on the list of contributories, and called upon them to discharge their liabilities. They resisted this unexpected call. Undeterred by a sense of the position to which they had brought themselves, with no gratitude for value received, they made application to be struck off the list of contributories. In this they scored what most people will consider a most undeserved success. The judge decided in their favour, on the ground that they were not members of the Company within the meaning of the Act, not being on the register. There was, moreover, no contract between them and the Company, and they had agreed to accept fully-paid-up shares to which no liability attached.

The success of the applicants, however, may turn out to be anything but the piece of good fortune it may have seemed to them in the hour of victory. It is highly improbable that they have heard the last of the

affair. Strangely oblivious of the honour of their profession, as the transaction proves them to have been, their persistence in a bad course—since it is through their action in Court that their work has been brought to light—shows an insensibility that is almost incomprehensible. Sooner than pay the sum of 25*l.* each, these founders preferred the most public exposure that could have befallen them. Mr. Justice VAUGHAN WILLIAMS refused to allow them costs, and commented on their conduct in vigorous language. "It was a sad thing," he observed, "that members of a learned profession should have consented to take shares on such terms," and he thought it was "very like taking them as bribes" to accept shares on such conditions. This severe censure is, we think, thoroughly merited. It might be, as the judge charitably remarked, that these doctors honestly thought well of the wares they had undertaken to push. Since there are persons who believe in the elixir of life, they may have regarded medicated wine as the panacea for all fleshly ills. Doctors have ever disagreed. One practitioner, for example, will disavow all "patent" compounds, while another may little else allow. In theory doctors hold to the British Pharmacopœia, yet, in practice, not a few prescribe beyond the ordering of that respectable authority. But there were other ways open to these true believers in medicated wine than making themselves interested agents in its sale, in consideration of the plump award of a 25*l.* fully-paid-up founder's share. Medicated wine may be, for all we know, eminently curative and restorative. Most people think that wine is too much "doctored," and prefer to take their wine, and their medicine, in as pure and as independent a condition as the wisdom of a scientific, and the ingenuity of a competitive, age permits. "One war at a time," said ABRAHAM LINCOLN, when urged to a rupture with England. There is a time for medicine and a time for wine. We cannot help thinking that it is an ill use of wine to drug it, though even on the subject of medicated wine doctors do disagree. There can be no question, however, that there is something repellent and ignoble in the compact made by these doctors with the Medicated Wine Company, and it is to be hoped, in the interest of the public and the profession, that it will be visited by the strongest possible reprobation of the medical corporations.

NORTON—DUPAS—ARTON.

TO copy a military phrase, the French General Election is to be fought on the line of country indicated by the names NORTON—DUPAS—ARTON. We have heard much at intervals during the last year of the necessity for principles in French politics, and of the need there is for a strong Government. But the election approaches, and both principles and parties remain as obscure as before, while scandals are re-appearing with all the vivacity of the great Panama year. NORTON is barely out of the way before M. DUPAS turns up with his revelations. He has eclipsed the great feat of M. DUCRET, and yet the NORTON case was rich in revelations of a highly amusing character. One of these, which is not the less funny because it was not at all what the *Cocarde* expected, we owe to M. CLÉMENTEAU in the first place, and then to the Marquise DE MORÈS. M. CLÉMENTEAU first revealed the fact that the socialist anti-Semite Marquis had borrowed money of CORNELIUS HERZ. That was pleasing to the gossips; but their pleasure must have been materially increased when M. DE MORÈS hastened to explain that he did really borrow the money, and that his broker in the transaction was no other than that terrible eater of Jews, M. DRUMONT, who is now in tears over the indiscretion of his friend. Also we learn with horror that

the sister of the Marquise DE MORÈS is actually married to a German. A Marquis who borrowed money of an American Jew, and is connected by marriage with a German, is obviously beneath everything; and so, having planted his infernal machine and left his enemies to fire it off, M. CLÉMENTEAU has started to attend to his interests in the constituency of the Var.

The whole NORTON trial is one of those things which only a Frenchman can understand. M. CLÉMENTEAU claimed one franc of damages, in order to have a right to be represented in a trial for conspiracy. On the strength of his claim for a franc he was allowed to deliver a political speech with clenched hands and suppressed fury. He attacked the Marquise DE MORÈS, and was answered in the same style, the judge listening with benevolent patience till the name of the Russian Ambassador was mentioned; but then he silenced irrelevant talk with all the dignity of the bench and the weight of the alliance. The consternation of M. DUCRET when he was finally sentenced to prison, and the virtuous indignation of his friends, were almost equally curious to see. It is quite obvious that they expected nothing of the kind. They do not appear to have been merely posing, but to have really been under the impression that to bring utterly unfounded charges on the strength of forged papers was an almost harmless, if not laudable, political stratagem when it was done in the names of France and patriotism. When M. DUCRET was actually sent to prison, his paper commented on the horror of treating the father of a family who had been labouring for the good of France in this cruel manner. One wonders whether the sincerity of talk of this degree of folly, or the fact that any man presumably in his senses thought it worth using as cant, would be the best proof how many fools there are in that witty country.

The DUPAS-ARTON story is intrinsically very simple. M. DUPAS was employed in the police, and was sent in search of ARTON. He says that "On" instructed him not to catch the runaway, but to get information from him. "On" was also anxious to hear something about a friend (in yellow satin) who travelled with ARTON. The question is, Who was "On"? M. DUPAS sometimes calls him the Ministry, which is too vague, for he ought really to say what Minister. If he does not do that we are not much further forward. The Cabinet in office at the time, when he was sent on these missions was M. LOUBET's, in which M. DUPUY had a portfolio. The presumption is that M. DUPAS wishes for some reason to imply that M. DUPUY had taken a part in efforts to stifle the Panama inquiry. This, again, starts a whole string of questions, for the greater joy of the quidnuncs. Were the orders really given to M. DUPAS, and if so, why, and by whom? Did the Ministry really instruct him, or was he only sent on ordinary police work, and did he vary it by a little service for some person or persons who had interests not identical with justice? Why does he speak now, and did anybody put him up to it? The list might be largely increased. Our interest in any of them is very trifling. The French police do many strange things, and after the SOINOURY story nobody need be surprised to hear that underhand intrigues went on during the Panama panic. On the other hand, it is very credible that a subordinate police official, who had been disappointed of promotion, might endeavour to revenge himself by vamping up charges, based upon hearsay and a few papers which might appear to be evidence to those who have only the common understanding of what evidence is. It is a bad sign for the public service of any country that such men should abound as they do now in France.

AN OUTRAGE AVENGED.

IF any event more tragically illustrative of the instability of human greatness than that which has just occurred in Dublin has ever before been recorded in the municipal history of these islands, we shall be as glad to be furnished with the reference to it as if we were Mr. GLADSTONE and the record contained an utterance requiring explanation. Little more than one short month has flown since, by a, we believe, unanimous resolution of the Municipal Council of Dublin, the Right Hon. JAMES SHANKS, Lord Mayor that now is of that city, was nominated its Lord Mayor for the year 1894. And on Tuesday last, August 9, a motion to the effect that the resolution aforesaid should be rescinded was carried by a majority of 31 votes to 20. For five weeks the Right Hon. JAMES SHANKS, like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, had ventured on a sea of glory, and thus suddenly his high-blown pride has broken under him. How came the catastrophe about? The question is all too easily answered. He entertained the Admiral of the United States warship, *Chicago*, at luncheon, and he did not invite members of the Corporation to meet him. The indignant Fathers thereupon held a meeting—which their opponents describe as a “hole and corner” meeting, but which, according to their own account of it, was “a large and influential gathering of twenty-two members of the Council”—and protested against the slight which had been put upon them by their Chief Magistrate. They then sent him a requisition to summon a special meeting of the Council, for the purpose of considering a motion to rescind his nomination, which motion, as above stated, was duly carried.

Before the fatal proceedings commenced the unhappy functionary addressed his municipal colleagues in a speech which might have melted the heart of a stone. He frankly admitted that, in entertaining the American Admiral at a “spread”—which appears to us to have been exactly what he said he did not mean to attempt, to wit, “a halfway entertainment between a public welcome and a private luncheon”—and omitting to extend his hospitality to members of the Corporation, he was guilty of an “error in judgment.” The only excuse he could offer for it was that it was a hastily extemporized affair. Time pressed; the American Admiral had many engagements; the date of his departure was close at hand; and, if he was to be entertained at all, the guests asked to meet him must be a “hurried muster.” Accordingly, the Lord Mayor hurriedly mustered the heads of the regatta which the Admiral had come to visit, the heads of the kindred profession the army, the heads of the leading journals in Dublin, and the United States Consul, and decided that the Corporation should be represented by himself and the Town Clerk. Four or five personal friends were verbally invited at the last moment; but, “in the hurry, the Lord Mayor’s highly-esteemed and worthy Chaplain was overlooked.”

The Chaplain seems to have given further proof of his worth, and to have earned still higher esteem, by overlooking the slight of having been overlooked. But he is professionally bound to the forgiveness of injuries. Not so the Council; for, after the Lord Mayor had wound up by expressing his extreme regret, and disclaiming all intention of wilfully and knowingly affronting his colleagues, a discussion ensued which, to judge by the report of it, filling nearly a whole side of the *Freeman’s Journal*, must have lasted some considerable time. In the course of it Councillor O’MEARA first “insulted everybody,” and then “humbly apologized,” and then insulted Alderman O’REILLY, who cautioned him “to be careful,” or “he would make him so”; Alderman GILL gave offence to Councillor FANAGAN; Alderman MAQUIRE insulted

the protesting members of the Corporation; and the Lord Mayor made an unfounded imputation on Alderman MEADE, which he subsequently withdrew. Opinions varied among the supporters of the hostile motion as to whether the party most aggrieved by the Lord Mayor’s conduct was the entire Corporation, the ex-Lord Mayor, the High Sheriff, or the American flag. But they were all agreed that to one or all of these an intolerable slight had been offered; and, being in a majority, they were able to inflict the condign punishment above recorded upon its author. Perhaps a more ludicrously puerile exhibition has never been presented to the world before—we will not say by any body of municipal dignitaries, but by any assembly of grown men. The one speaker who observed that the “whole thing was too small to make a fuss about” seems to tower like a moral and intellectual giant above his fellows. But he would not make a good member of a Home Rule Legislature. They would.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND’S MESSAGE.

WE mean no disrespect to anybody; but the discussion in the House of Commons on the Indian currency does curiously remind us of the address frequently delivered by Mr. JAWKINS, who was considered a rather well-informed man. So many things appeared to be touched, and we heard a good deal of the brink of the precipice. If you touch the rupee you touch bi-metallism, and you arrive at Mr. NAOROJI with his demonstration that the whole mischief is due to the wicked officials who have torn the peoples of India, including the diminutive people to which he himself belongs, from that Paradise in which their choice was between massacre or pillage by Mahrattas, and pillage or massacre by Afghans. It is a pity we cannot annihilate time, and put Mr. NAOROJI between the upper millstone AHMAD SHAH DURANI, and the nether millstone MADHAVA RAO SCINDIA. He would soon wish himself even in the company of a Covenanted Civil Servant. As for the discussion, it was, to be candid, very barren reading. The Government, though it made many round assertions by the mouth of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, did not give any substantial reason for believing that the currency policy of the Indian Government will prove fully successful. Mr. CHAPLIN and Mr. BALFOUR equally failed to explain why it is an act of public plunder to stop a further fall in the value of the rupee. They had, in order to justify the charge, to assume the existence of a large class of Indians who hoard bullion. But do men hoard bullion? The thing is so unlikely that we should only believe it on the production of direct evidence.

Want of precision or of a definite aim cannot be charged against the Message which President CLEVELAND has sent to Congress. He gives Congress a definite task to perform, and reasons for setting about it. The task is the repeal of the Act which compels the United States to buy 4,500,000 ounces of silver monthly at the price of gold, for the benefit of a handful of mineowners, and a comparative handful of miners. The reasons for the repeal are, shortly, that this imbecile extravagance has disorganized the currency of the country, and is threatening it with a disastrous panic. Mr. CLEVELAND’S Message is one of the most luminous and convincing State Papers we have seen, and, if it is his own work, proves that he has the qualities of a financial and commercial Minister in a high degree. If there are persons (and we are convinced that there are many) to whom the American Silver question has hitherto been a mystery, they have only to read Mr. CLEVELAND’S Message. It puts the facts, and their meaning, with absolute clearness, and in language so simple that there can be no difficulty in apprehending its meaning on the part of the least

trained reader. Mr. CLEVELAND shows how the theoretical freedom of the Treasury to pay its notes either in gold or silver has, in practice, meant that it must pay in gold, since it could not refuse to do so without establishing a discrimination in favour of gold, and thereby destroying the parity which it has bound itself to maintain between the metals. The result has been consistent with a universal experience—the bad money is driving out the good. In a short time, if some remedy is not found, the United States Government will find itself deprived of the gold which it keeps as security for the discharge of obligations. Silver mono-metallism is, in fact, inevitable if the course followed for the last three years is not changed—and this, for reasons which are sufficiently obvious, is not what the silver men want. Mr. CLEVELAND keeps steadily to his text and gives no indication of the policy which he will recommend Congress to follow when the SHERMAN Act is out of the way. For the present he finds it sufficient to point out that the obligation to buy monthly 4,500,000 ounces of silver which it does not want is a burden which even the United States Treasury cannot any longer endure. The necessary preliminary to whatever currency measures may be taken later on is to get rid of the cause of the present mischief. President CLEVELAND and his Cabinet are, no doubt, well aware that they will be vehemently opposed in Congress, and that even when they have secured the repeal of the Act they will have the risk of a serious financial crisis to face—but any cowardly shirking of the immediate difficulty would only make the end worse.

MR. GLADSTONE ON ART AND INDUSTRY.

MR. GLADSTONE was in his happiest vein in addressing his Islington audience at the Workmen's Exhibition on the relations of industry and art. His discourse, though dealing in the main with the workman and his work, touched not a few subjects that are of interest to every intelligent person. The special object of the exhibition was commended in terms that were both graceful and appropriate. Mr. GLADSTONE'S approval of individual workmanship was expressed in no half-hearted words. He justified the exhibition of individual excellence in the industrial arts on the ground that such emulative work produced a salutary recreative effect on the workman's mind and body. So far from such work proving an additional burden to the regular daily task of the workman, it relieved him of a sense of its monotony. If all work and no play induces dulness of spirit, work of one description only, without any change of work, is quite as depressing and harmful. Men of science, we are assured, take to the consumption of novels as a relief to the toilsome labours of research. Mr. GLADSTONE cited the case of a physician who found the necessary solace in reading books of metaphysics and theology. This somewhat strange example of the truth that everybody needs some change of labour must have surprised Mr. GLADSTONE'S audience. A treatise on metaphysics seems a trifle "craggy," as BYRON said of the Armenian language, which served him at one time for mental change. Exhibitions of industrial art are decidedly useful in providing the individual workman with the means of escaping the groove of routine and taking a new line of work. In the old coaching days, no road proved so fatal to horses as the Slough road. It killed more horses than any other, said Mr. GLADSTONE, because it was so tediously flat. The same muscles were constantly worked, while other muscles were not exercised at all. Thus, for want of change of labour, these horses died—victims of the dull road and a form of *ennui*. With frequent exhibitions, and such various openings for individual distinction, there should be no chance of English workmen lacking the means of recreative work.

Mr. GLADSTONE was notably effective in dealing with the common and stupid notion that beauty and utility are things incompatible or antagonistic. We ought, he declared, to tear up this falsehood by the roots. The error, we fear, is of ancient growth, and has extremely tough roots. With all our schools of art, which were established to promote that "sacred" wedding of industry and beauty which Mr. GLADSTONE spoke of, our industrial products are still greatly deficient when compared with those of some other lands. Admirable, too, was Mr. GLADSTONE'S language with regard to the vicious character of architectural ornament in the exterior of modern buildings. Many among the audience at the Agricultural Hall were builders—possibly some of these had aspirations towards the younger profession—and it is to be hoped that they will take to heart Mr. GLADSTONE'S strictures on the barbarous excess of ornament which most of our architects delight in. There is too much truth in Mr. GLADSTONE'S remarks on the utter want of beauty and simplicity in the decorative schemes of architects. Buildings are overloaded with tawdry and unmeaning ornament. "You will find," said Mr. GLADSTONE, "that the architect had either 'a horror or a dread of leaving bare a single square foot of wall, as if there were something indecent in leaving bare a square foot of wall.'" This is unquestionably true and excellently put. There is no street of importance in London that does not comprise glaring examples of this deplorable taste for ugly and wasteful ornament.

GOLF IN THE SHIRES.

THE man who has climbed Minchinhampton Hill deserves to be rewarded when he arrives at the top by a better golf links than Minchinhampton Common. On the other hand, the common is a far better fate than he deserves who has permitted himself to be dragged up that same hill by a suffering horse. It is a fearful and wonderful ascent, so that one feels as if one were accomplishing a respectable portion of the heavenward journey. Yet Minchinhampton is not paradise. Neither, however, is it its antipodes. It is difficult to conceive a paradise from which the views would be more beautiful; but landscape is not golf. Still, even from the narrow view of the bigotted golfer, Minchinhampton has beauties. It has practically boundless extent, it has catacomb-like quarries for the reception of the topped ball, it has a decent sprinkling of bushes, it has high roads. Here and there, as the golfer approaches the edge of the plateau, there is danger that his ball, overdriven or deviously driven, may find its way to a descent as steep and easy as that of Avernus, and may begin and go on rolling till it reaches a station on the Midland line some mile or two away—which, to the player, is much the same as Avernus, especially with regard to the re-ascent. Then there is also at Minchinhampton a great immunity from passers-by. There are a few moving hazards afforded by the beasts of the commoners; there is a public-house, though this is scarcely a hazard, except in its indirect effects; there is a very tall maypole, which is anointed with grease and crowned with a leg of mutton on May-day, and if you are lucky your clubs may be carried by a gipsy boy who has fetched the leg of mutton down from this high tee. For the rest, the common is a beautiful wide breezy place, delightful for a crooked driver or for flying a kite. The grass, too, is short, which is more to the delight of the golfer than of the pasturing beasts—short, that is, in this year of drought, 1893; but where, this year, is it not short? Of course the turf has not in it that lovely smoothness which is the possession of sandy links and of none others; for there is loam in the soil, in which little master worm occupies his vexatious business. There is a nice club-house, painted on the roof in Guards' colours; but the putting-greens are not nearly as good as a little judicious labour might make them.

It is not at all difficult, for a bird, to go from Minchin-

hampton to Stinchcombe, which is only about seven miles or so off, and where, also, there is a club and a links. But Stinchcombe is up a more precipitous hill than Minchinhampton even, and for the crawling human golfer it is necessary to creep down off one hill and up the other, and here again the reward is hardly commensurate to the labour. Stinchcombe differs from Minchinhampton. It is smaller, and more compact; but there is an absence of hazard. Even the putting-greens are less hazardous, which is an advantage. In fact, more has been made out of Stinchcombe than out of Minchinhampton, considering their relative natural capabilities. There cannot be a much more beautiful view than the view from Stinchcombe, for it is almost the same as the view from Minchinhampton, and about the two places there is the same air of healthy breeziness, as there should be on these off-shoots of the Cotswolds, where the wheatear is the most frequent representative of the birds, and the grayling of the butterflies.

There is much that is unique about some of these shire golf links, so called. There is one where the ball often sticks up in trees, so thickly do they grow, and the niblick is then turned to a missile use, to *throw* the ball down. In the Heythrop country—it is not well to be too exact—is a hole between thick yew hedges which form an arching roof, so that the ball must be sent with a running stroke from the iron, or else with a stout putt along the floor. And golfers who play in these strange places count their strokes—so long as their arithmetic serves them—for this is the new golf.

Of course it is always an intricate course across the Midlands of England anywhere, except on the lines of the great arterial railways; but it is within practical politics to get from the neighbourhood of Minchinhampton and Stinchcombe to Coventry, or even Warwick. If a man arrives at Coventry there is no golfing reason why he should wish to go to Warwick; but the converse is certainly true. For Coventry goes very near being the best inland course in England, and when one looks around for a course to put before it on the list, one is at a loss. The putting-greens will bear comparison with those of any links in the world, even of seaside links. The main hazards of the course are furnished by great beds of whins, which it is death to get into. It is a course which calls out all the expedients of the thoroughly practised golfer, for there is scarcely a hole but is well guarded by whins or by some peculiar formation of the ground. Each has an individual interest in its penalty for topped or erratic drives. So that but for the zeal of an enterprising field-gunner who once drove his guns skirmishing at large, to the multiplication of niblick holes, upon the common, one would scarcely have anything left to grumble at, except oneself, in course of golfing at Coventry; and this would be a terrible pass to be reduced to. However, the field-gunner has saved its character by impressing on it a few redeeming vices, and the drive through the town to the station furnishes all that the most exacting could wish in the way of a grievance.

On Warwick Common, which is without every one of the natural merits of Coventry, the skill of the landscapergardener has made out of the most unpromising raw material a fair substitute for golf. Cows and horses, and the footprints of them, are the chief hazard. There are also ponds of which these creatures drink and do not die, although the Warwick caddie paddles in them. A hedge or two, a corner of an out-of-bounds field, the posts and rails of the racecourse, and the side of a high wall are used for what are by courtesy termed hazards.

It is very ungrateful to speak thus of it. Warwick Common gives a great deal of fun to many good golfers. The greens are very fair; there are only nine holes; and the first tee is scarcely out of the purlieus of the ancient city. For all which things it is well to be thankful; it could scarcely be more easy of access; the greens might have been uncared for; there might have been eighteen holes.

The Oxford University Golf Club has been so sadly harassed in its efforts to find a green for itself, that it is a wonder the ancient game has survived so many transplantations. First a few men golfed on the meadows of the Upper River. Then a Club was formed, and its members played over Cowley Marsh in the winter terms. Those who remember the mud wickets at Cowley in the summer term will find it hard to believe that any game other than snipe-shooting or water-polo could be played on it in winter. Nevertheless, a likeness of the royal and

ancient game was played there. Later, by the kindness of the proprietor, the University played golf in a private park on Headington Hill, whence one saw the beautiful city bathed in that mysterious fog—of learning, probably—in which both of our great University towns are usually shrouded. But this gracious permission was withdrawn. It was said that the caddies did not behave well, or that Heads of Colleges played in the morning—which had not been contemplated. But can one expect a golf-caddie to be a moral philosopher, or a professor of ethics to be a golf-caddie?

Anyhow, Headington Hill knows the golfer no more; but the University drives out about three miles, over Folly Bridge, and there plays on a very fair links. In dry weather, that is to say, it is fair; for there are hazards, such as bushes, ditches, hedges. In wet weather one thing only could be much fouler, and that is the Cambridge Golf Links. For the Cambridge Links are low lying, a sort of water-meadows, excellent for ducks, frogs, and pasture, but for golf, even in 1893, rather lush. There are nasty ditches there, and hazards of the water-jumping kind; but somehow they play better golf just now at Cambridge than at Oxford. The Light Blue won by a large majority, at Wimbledon, this year. In 1894 there is a chance that, concurrently with the present inter-Varsity match, will be played a match between old members of each University. Past *v.* Present has been an annual fixture, both at Oxford and Cambridge, for a year or two. Now we shall see past of one *v.* past of the other, with promise of a cheery re-union of old ties. Most University golfers have learned the greater part of what they know elsewhere than on the links of either University—otherwise it may be that their knowledge would be small—therefore it is not from the qualities of the respective links that we can make a forecast of the qualities of the players. Golf is the game of the Scot, yet players who learned the game in a remote corner of Cheshire have been heard of.

MONEY MATTERS.

THOUGH the Directors of the Bank of England raised their rate of discount on Thursday of last week from $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 3 per cent., it is not to be supposed that they expected they would thereby stop the gold withdrawals for New York; certainly no one who fully understood the position did. As we have been carefully preparing our readers to find, the currency crisis in the United States has been deepening and deepening for some time past. Early in June it became so acute that the Associated Banks in New York were compelled to issue Clearing-house Certificates, thus temporarily excusing one another from the necessity of paying cash. It was hoped that by this expedient the banks would be able to tide over the crisis—in New York at least. But the difficulties in New York became so grave that the withdrawals of deposits increased rather than fell off. About a fortnight ago it became apparent that the time was fast approaching when the Associated Banks would either have to allow the weaker of their number to close their doors, or else that the position of the whole of them would become critical. Just then the embarrassments of the banks were immensely increased by a run upon the Savings Banks. The latter began to insist upon the full sixty days' notice, to which they are legally entitled; but they only postponed their trouble. Sooner or later they will have to repay the money in cash to the depositors; and as the depositors are mainly poor people, the notices of withdrawal are pouring in steadily. The Savings Banks cannot, as the Associated Banks have done, issue certificates while they are themselves without funds; they must repay in actual cash; and as they do not usually keep much cash, they have to apply to the Associated Banks. Thus the Associated Banks are drawn upon on the one hand by the Western banks, and, on the other, by the Savings Banks, while the latter are in turn drawn upon by the depositors. It is clear that this could not go on without bringing down the Savings Banks and the Clearing-house banks as well. Something, therefore, it was necessary to do, and accordingly the banks made arrangements to get gold in Europe. During the week ended with Wednesday of last week the withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England for New York amounted to about a million and three-quarters sterling;

and when the Directors met on Thursday morning they knew that a considerable further amount was to be withdrawn. With commendable promptitude they decided to raise their rate of discount to 3 per cent. But, as we have said, they could not have hoped to stop the withdrawals of gold. The withdrawals had to be resorted to for the sake of self-preservation, and what the effort might cost was a quite unimportant consideration. The real object of the Directors of the Bank of England was to attract gold from the Continent. Unfortunately, they have so far failed. During the week ended with Wednesday last the withdrawals have amounted to nearly 2 millions sterling; so that during the fortnight about 3½ millions have been withdrawn from the Bank of England. Very properly, therefore, the Directors on Thursday raised their rate to 4 per cent.

The open market naturally has followed the course of the Bank of England. Up to Wednesday of last week the discount rate had risen in the open market to Bank rate, and as soon as the latter was advanced to 3 per cent., the discount rate in the open market began to move upwards. And on Tuesday of this week it had again reached Bank rate. On Wednesday it rose to 3½ per cent., and on Thursday it moved with the Bank to 4 per cent. There are now fears that even a 5 per cent. rate may become requisite. Whether it becomes so or not will depend mainly upon the length of the crisis in New York, and the course it may take, and whether the drain of gold is or is not diverted to the Continent. If it is, the 4 per cent. rate here may be sufficient; if it is not, then it is impossible to foresee how high the rate may have to be raised. What is clearly seen is that the Directors of the Bank of England will have to do whatever may be necessary to protect their reserve.

As stated above, they on Thursday raised their rate of discount from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. The outside market had fully expected the movement; indeed, on Wednesday the rate of discount in the open market was from 3½ to 3¾ per cent., and accordingly the rate there has advanced quite up to the Bank of England rate; while it is understood that the Bank of England will charge 4½ per cent. to all but its regular customers, and will re-discount no bills running for more than 60 days. Up to the present the Bank of France has made difficulties about parting with gold. If it continues to do so, and the 4 per cent. rate is not sufficient to attract the metal from the Continent, it is reasonably certain that the Bank of England will have to raise its rate to 5 per cent. But it is possible that the Directors of the Bank of France may reconsider their decision, and may consent to bear their share of the drain.

For the fifth week in succession the India Council on Wednesday failed to sell any of its bills or telegraphic transfers, and for six weeks it has only been able to dispose of 10,000 rupees. At the same time, the price of silver has rapidly advanced this week to 34½d. per oz. The supplies of the metal in London are very small, and very little is coming from the United States. Apparently the Silver party hope to be able to prevent the repeal of the Sherman Act, and are refusing to sell silver in the expectation of a very marked recovery. Meanwhile, there is a good demand for the Far East, and more especially for India. The explanation of the Indian demand commonly received is that the general public is continuing to hoard the metal, and is tempted by the fall in price to purchase for ornaments. Another explanation offered is that an attempt is being made to use bars of silver instead of the coined metal. Whatever the true explanation may be, the continued large demand for India is a very remarkable thing under the circumstances, and deserves careful watching by the public.

The stock markets have been stagnant this week, with a drooping tendency. The fears of great failures here have abated, but apprehension respecting New York has increased. It was generally hoped in the City that the large shipments of gold and the meeting of Congress would restore confidence. President Cleveland's Message, however, has proved disappointing. It is clear and sound enough in its explanation of the causes that have brought about the crisis, but it is thought not to be explicit enough as to the remedies that ought to be applied. In spite, too, of the gold shipments, the hoarding of all kinds of money goes on, the withdrawals from the banks do not lessen, the lock-up of capital increases everywhere, and distrust is as deep and as general as before. At last one New York bank has failed, and there are great fears that others will have to close their doors. Moreover, it is reported that a

bank which hitherto has provided the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company with funds to pay those employed by it has refused to advance more than one-fourth of what is wanted unless the Company will pay a premium. Such an act in regard to such a Company, if true, is very significant, and must increase apprehension. All over the Union the crisis deepens, and it is to be feared that further troubles are imminent. Upon the Continent, too, difficulties are making themselves felt. During the wild times of speculation which preceded the Baring collapse there was a reckless gamble in Germany in mines, stocks, lands, and so on. It broke down at the time of the Baring collapse; but a crisis was averted by the combination of the great bankers. It looks now as if the liquidation would have to be completed. The demand for gold for New York is raising the value of money upon the Continent; the drought will compel Germany to import immense quantities of food; the tariff war with Russia increases the country's difficulties, and the threatened breakdown of Mexico is a serious blow. The Messrs. Bleichröder, of Berlin, brought out several Mexican issues, and seemed to have taken the country under their protection. When the Indian mints were closed Messrs. Bleichröder sent out two agents to report upon the situation. It is said that their report has been received, and is very unfavourable, and it is rumoured that Messrs. Bleichröder despair of the country. Mexican stocks have fallen heavily, and the loss in Berlin, from all causes, must be very great. In Paris a few great speculators have had to close their accounts; others are known to be in difficulties, and there are fears that, if the value of money rises, as is almost inevitable, the banks will be unable to keep up speculation, and that there will be a breakdown there, especially if Spain should have, as seems only too likely, to break faith with her creditors.

The Board of Trade returns for July are satisfactory, considering all the circumstances. The imports somewhat exceed 33½ millions, being a decrease compared with July of last year of little more than ½ per cent. The exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures amount to 19,651,000l., being an increase of nearly 188,000l., or not far short of 1 per cent.

The great coal dispute, it is now feared, will continue; indeed, there seems only too much ground to apprehend that it will extend to other districts and paralyse the trade of the whole country.

The movements in prices this week have not been very remarkable, but they are almost without exception downwards. Consols closed on Thursday at 98½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; New South Wales Three and a Half per Cents closed at 93½, a fall of ½; Victoria Three and a Half closed at 88½, a fall of 1; and Queensland Three and a Half closed at 86½, a fall of 1½. The Home Railway market has been fairly well maintained, but London and Brighton Undivided stock closed at 165, a fall of 1, and Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 104½, also a fall of 1. Rupee-paper closed at 69½, a rise of ½, but all other silver securities are lower. Mexican Government Six per Cents closed on Thursday at 52½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 8; Mexican Railway First Preference stock closed at 59, a fall of 2, and the Second Preference closed at 40, a fall of 1, while Mexican Central Four per Cents closed at 47½, also a fall of 1. In the American market quotations are all decidedly lower than last week, but the reaction from the unwise rise there has not yet been carried very far. Erie Preference shares closed on Thursday at 24½, a fall of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday; Erie Second Mortgage Bonds closed at 65½, a fall of 2; and Union Pacific shares closed at 18½, a fall of 2½. Turning from the purely speculative to the doubtful dividend-paying, Milwaukee closed at 54½, a fall of 1½, and Louisville and Nashville closed at 55, a fall of 1½. Coming next to the dividend-paying, Illinois Central closed at 94½, a fall of 1; Lake Shore closed at 116, a fall of 1½, and New York Central closed at 100½, a fall of as much as 3. Argentine railway stocks are likewise lower. Buenos Ayres and Rosario closed on Thursday at 49-51, a fall of 2, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 99-101, also a fall of 2; but Argentine Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 60½, a rise of ½, and the Funding Bonds closed at 61½, also a rise of ½. Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 66½, a fall of 1; Italian Fives closed at 85½, a fall of ½; and Spanish Fours closed at 62½, a fall of ½. Austra-

lian Bank shares, on the other hand, are higher. Those of the Bank of Australasia closed on Thursday at 68½, a rise for the week of 3½; those of the Bank of New South Wales closed at 45, a rise of 2; and those of the Union Bank of Australia closed at 47½, also a rise of 2.

THEN AND NOW.

IT perhaps will not be uninteresting at this present moment, when military education, and more especially that portion of it which deals with the management of cadets, is claiming a good deal of attention, to cast a look back at the ideas which prevailed more than a century ago upon the subject. Frederick William I. of Prussia made physique his hobby, and, as is well known, kidnapped brawny peasants to make grenadiers, and even, it is said, stalwart country girls to breed them. He delighted in a man's legs rather than in his brains, and was happy if his soldiers were only tall and obedient. "A soldier should never think," is a maxim to be traced back to his influence. But the brilliant son who succeeded him perceived that a big man is simply an easier target than a smaller one, unless he is possessed, or acts as if he were possessed, of such science as shall teach him how to turn his muscles to advantage. A dwarf with a lever will move a greater weight than the giant who confides in his own natural power. Therefore Frederick the Great added skilful tactics to the thews and sinews of the splendid regiments he inherited, and taught Europe that an army which can move will always defeat a better equipped one which waits doggedly to be attacked. When his great wars were over, the active-minded man who was always legislating to make his subjects go to heaven, and might, had he been born in another age and sphere, have made quite an ideal County Councillor, turned his attention to the bringing up of his officers. The training of youth, especially when it is to be done with other people's money, is a most fascinating pastime, even in the nineteenth century, and was exactly the craze to keep a benevolent despot amused. Thus it is that we find Frederick writing in his old age, "*J'aime à considérer cette jeunesse qui s'élève sous nos yeux : c'est la génération future qui est confiée à l'inspection de la race présente, c'est un nouveau genre humain qui s'achemine pour remplacer celui qui existe, ce sont les espérances et les forces de l'Etat renaissantes, qui, bien dirigées, perpétueront sa splendeur et sa gloire.*"

Parents are to remember that their children are given them as a sacred charge by Providence. They are so to educate them that they may be of elevated minds, clever, industrious, and circumspect; not to mention economical and simple in their ideas. Despotism and benevolence as he might be, Frederick could not but have felt that, after all, angels are not turned out by Acts of Parliament. Civilians, however closely the great drill sergeant might keep his eye upon them, might yet find means to have stupid, idle children, without elevated notions, and the reverse of economical. Recruits for the army must be found, and, clever or not, a man might still carry a musket or wield a pike fairly well. The cadet corps, therefore, offered a more inviting field for experiment; and the King had been but a month or two on the throne when we find him writing that Lieutenant-Colonel von Oesnitz, and the captains who assist him as instructors, must make it their first duty to infuse an intelligent ambition into their pupils. "They must be brought up as persons of quality and future officers should be, and not as peasant boys."

Now, hitherto in this same corps of cadets, which his father, it is to be noted, had founded in 1717, the hours of study had been thus arranged. Prayers opened the proceedings at 5 A.M., and at 8.30 P.M. brought them to a close. Four days a week half the cadets busied themselves from 6 till 8 o'clock with fencing and dancing, while the other half were studying languages. At 8 o'clock the dancers and fencers went to work at engineering till 10 o'clock, and their comrades took their places with the foils and at the dance. Nothing more was done then till 2 o'clock; and during the interval the cadets went to dinner. After that meal, from 2 to 4 o'clock, those who had already worked at fortification went to French, while the remainder took the place they had vacated. From 4 to 6 o'clock writing and arithmetic was the order of the day for all. The other two days were somewhat differently but equally well employed.

It was rather the manner than the matter of what was taught, however, that concerned Frederick, and it was the masters rather than their pupils that he directed his remarks to. They are enjoined to be themselves wise and well conducted, "for example teaches more than does instruction," and he declares that he will indeed be angry if those who are placed in charge of youth show themselves more blameworthy than those they are to look after.

Teachers are to be at their posts punctually as the clock strikes, and are not to absent themselves unless real illness or some such obstacle exists to keep them away. "Hammering the officers," the notable remedy for insubordination amongst the rank and file, put forward the other day by a general officer, appeared, indeed, to be a policy that commended itself much to the King. If they behave well themselves and do their duty, he has no fears, he says, but that his expectations as regards the young people will be realized. They are to snatch opportunities even during their work to inculcate good manners, a proper bearing, and politeness, and are to lose no opportunity of persuading their pupils that it is only religion, virtue, and good manners that can make them happy. It was after this line of thought, we presume, that the "cornet" of our own times was prone to regard certain breaches of the Decalogue rather as "d—d bad form" than as serious moral offences. What a model governor for his cadets would the King have found in Lord Chesterfield! But it must be confessed that Frederick did not call in good breeding to support morality until he had exhausted all the resources of religion. His boys are to devote three hours in the week to their catechisms, two hours to religious teaching under the chaplain, and were to listen to a sermon every Sunday. The mere forms of religion are not to be too severely insisted on; but the belief in a Supreme Being is to be carefully inculcated, and it will be held the worst of all crimes to have endeavoured to upset such a faith. The greatest virtue of all, he says, is complete unselfishness, such as shall teach men to place honour and duty before their own feelings, the good of the community before private interest, and the welfare of their country before their lives. Instructors are to seek frequent opportunities of distinguishing between a false and a worthy ambition, and of pointing out that the last infirmity of noble minds is exhibited in an effort to reach the good, such as has often raised men of low origin to high estate. The King brings his instructions for his Academy to a close by directing the officer at the head of it to leave no stone unturned until he shall have made his pupils "*des enthousiastes de la vertu*!" We wonder whether this rather large order struck that official in the same way as it would a man in a similar position nowadays in England. A cadet who was enthusiastically virtuous would, we fear, go perilously near to being a prig. But we are even more interested to know what the combination of the dancing-masters and the catechists produced in the way of officers.

Was old Blücher, for example, ever amongst the alumni who were thus imbued with the philosophy of humanity? And was he taught dancing, deportment, and polished manners at the same time as the virtues of unselfishness, patriotism, and courage were inculcated? Of the three last virtues he truly may be taken as a very shining illustration. What finer example of abnegation of purely selfish interests is to be found than his marching away from his own line of communications after Ligny to support his ally? Imagine what a bold leap such a determination meant in a force so pedantically methodical as was the Prussian army of that period. We know that Gneisenau shook his head, and more than half mistrusted the intentions of Wellington. The confidence and faith of Blücher was a robust growth. He had given his word. "Would you have me break it, my children?" he cried, as he egged his men on to redoubled exertions through the deep mire and narrow lanes that joined Wavre with the British left. What, however, are we to think of the other portion of his training, if indeed he was brought up on Frederick's scheme, as evidenced by results? Were the Prussians when they were encamped in Paris in 1815 enthusiasts for virtue, or were they and their officers like other soldiers who find themselves after a hard-fought campaign in a capital which knows better than any other in Europe to minister to the especial weaknesses to which military flesh is heir? We wonder whether the officers remembered round the bivouac fires the philosophical discourses they had heard in their youth, and whether when

they mingled love of country with the love of their fellow-men, to which their catechism had enjoined them, they left out of consideration the other sex, of which the world is more than half composed?

We shall probably not be far wrong when we surmise that Prussian, Russian, and English officers behaved, on the whole, much alike, were governed largely by the same instincts, and were neither wiser nor better than their comrades. It will be admitted, nevertheless, that the principles insisted on by the Great Frederick as those according to which his future officers should be trained bore excellent fruit on many a bloody battle-field of the wars of deliverance. Though Jena was annihilation for the time being to the Prussian army, it is significant that Gross-Beeren, the Katzbach, Leipzig, and Waterloo displayed a splendid elasticity of resources, and that an uphill struggle was fought out until eventual and decisive victory crowned the efforts of the patriotic heroes who persevered to the end. Nor can any one read of the campaign of 1870 without feeling that there was a moral force behind the Germans, as well as a complete organization and intelligent leadership. If the philosophic disquisitions of the Soldier King were a little too bright and good for human nature's daily food in the academies a hundred years ago, at least his example could be comprehended, and was equally at the service of the youths whose welfare occupied so large a portion of his thoughts. It is strange how much has changed since those days, and with us considerably more so than with other nations. We gravely discuss now whether boys should play polo, and keep hunters, whether they should be allowed to get up theatricals, and whether there should be any limit set to their bills for wine and cigars. At one of our military colleges not only is there no chapel, but there is not even a chaplain. Fencing is taught after the clumsy fashion of a barrack-square drill sergeant, and dancing is not unknown. Good manners are attended to also, and foreign languages are duly studied. The health, physique, and progress in their various subjects are carefully examined, criticized, and reported on by men of light, leading, and experience. The official returns may be perused for a long time, however, ere any note as to religion, patriotism, the virtue of self-abnegation, or the dangers of an intemperate ambition are even mentioned. The education of military youth is, in fact, not only undenominational, but it is free from any suggested bias, patriotic or moral, or anything but what is directed to getting as many marks as possible, playing a good game of cricket, or having hair cut according to regulation. The result on the whole is excellent, on which we may congratulate our national instincts. English boys, especially when they have been brought up at a public school, as most of our sucking field-marshal's fortunately have been, have singularly clear ideas as to right and wrong, and pronounced notions as to honour and gentlemanly bearing. We imagine, however, that the "go as you please" system is nevertheless capable of some slight improvement, and that it would not be unwise to prevent young fellows, starting in a profession which has a tendency to extravagance of living, from fancying that it is necessary for the honour of our arms that polo ponies should be kept by those who cannot always strictly afford it. A very good sort of fellow exists somewhere between Harry Sandford and Harry Lorrequer.

CHECK.

MR. WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE recently made a suggestion in the *Chess Monthly* which is, at any rate, worthy of being discussed, and for which he claims the "emphatic support" of Messrs. Blackburne and Mason. It is, in two words, that we should abolish check. Mr. Donisthorpe means by this that the king should be treated like any other piece on the board, that "check" should not be called to him when he is attacked, and that, if the attack be not evaded or covered, he should be liable to actual capture, which, of course, would bring the game to an end. This is logical enough, and it would lead to logical results. For, if a player can leave his king *en prise*, it will follow that he can put it *en prise*, by way of wilful suicide or through inadvertence. And if he can do it, then he must, in cases where no other move is open to him. One consequence of adopting this rule would be the abolition of stalemate. What we now call stalemate, and reckon as

a draw, would simply force the blockaded king to move into *prise*, and would count as a win for the blockader. It is odd, by the way, that a suggestion to abolish stalemate should come from the most ingenious deviser of stales at chess, who has drawn many a hopeless game by this last resource of the desperate, and who would now throw it away like a sucked orange. The temptation to agree with Mr. Donisthorpe is very great when we consider how largely the rule would diminish the number of draws. But with the disappearance of stalemate all play for the opposition would go by the board, and that would destroy one of the most interesting features of the end-game. No phase of chess is more engrossing or critical than the final play of what is known as a pawn game; and nothing contributes more to the interest of such a game than the ultimate race for opposition. Against this elimination of sport Mr. Donisthorpe may set the advantage that king and knight, or king and bishop, would sometimes, under his rule, be able to force a win, which they cannot in any circumstances do at present; and so once more the number of draws would be diminished. It will be well to hear what other good players have to say on this point. The suggestion is pertinent and logical. Chess-players may decide against it, but they cannot dismiss it as futile.

Another and a more curious result would follow from an increase of responsibility in the movements of the king. In strict chess, if a player attempts to make an impossible move, or touches a piece of his own which cannot be moved, or touches one of his opponent's pieces which cannot be taken, he is compelled to move his king; but, if the king cannot move without exposure to check, no penalty can be enforced. Assuming the power of the king to move into check, the extreme penalty would have to be enforced in certain cases, and the game would be lost in consequence of a rash or blundering move. We see no reason against that. The man who makes fewest blunders wins most games, and a little increase of severity in the rules would tend to produce better chess.

There is to be an international tournament at Chicago, at what is grandiloquently called the Columbian Chess Congress, and the Committee has put forth in advance a "revised international chess code," which does not differ widely from the London code of 1883. One of the rules slightly approaches Mr. Donisthorpe's position by dispensing with the necessity to call check; but it proceeds illogically to say that, if the check is not attended to, no penalty can be enforced for a consequent false move. Surely it is not unreasonable to expect a player in a masters' tournament to see when his king is attacked, and to suffer the consequences if he does not see it. Another revised rule bearing on the same question of penalties for carelessness is quite unintelligible as it stands. "A move is completed as soon as a piece comes to a standstill on a square, and under no consideration can a piece be moved to another than the original direction." The post of umpire in a match played under this rule is not very enviable.

The winner of the Chicago tournament, in addition to his thousand dollars and his "Cleveland gold medal," is to be dubbed by the Congress Champion of the World. Champion of the World's Fair would be nearer the mark. Mr. Steinitz is the only man who can be recognized as champion until he has been beaten in a set match for the championship. Every chess-master, so far as we know, admits that Steinitz is justified by his past career in declining to enter for a tournament, and in claiming that any one who aspires to the championship must challenge him in due form, conquer him in a single match, and, if necessary, accept his return challenge. At the present moment Mr. Lasker is beating his drum in the United States, and endeavouring to collect 1,000*l.* wherewith to tempt the veteran into the lists. He has been telling an interviewer that the match between him and Steinitz will be the greatest ever played. "I have never played my best chess," he proudly declares, "for I have never been required to exert myself to defeat such players as I have encountered." This is appetizing, and makes one hope that the dollars will come rolling in. Anyhow a match between the oldest and the youngest of the chess-masters would have some features of exceptional interest. But we would rather see Mr. Lasker play Dr. Tarrasch first—and the Doctor is expected at Chicago next month—on the understanding that the winner in this conflict should smite the champion's suspended shield. Englishmen have only a secondary interest in the question of the champion-

ship, not being prepared at the moment with a match-player of the younger generation who could be sent out to challenge Steinitz. Mr. Lasker has expressed his intention to settle down in England, and on that account he has our good wishes; for chess of the highest order is most likely to be seen in the country where the champion resides.

Steinitz has not played much of late, and he is understood to be preparing for the press a second part of his *Modern Chess Instructor*. A first instalment of this valuable work appeared four years ago, and the continuation seems to be a little overdue. During the past twelve months at least there has been no chess literature of special importance either in England or elsewhere, except such as may be looked for in the chess magazines. This is all the more remarkable because we have in our own country alone thirty associations, five hundred and eighty clubs, and a hundred and thirty "columns" and magazines devoted to the interests of chess and chess-players. All the rest of the world put together would fall considerably short of this record.

ORCHIDS AND WILD BEASTS.

THE last orchid sale of the season was noteworthy. *Cattleya Rex*, rarest of its genus, has been offered only once before, so far as we recollect, and then the specimens were very few. Messrs. Sander produced hundreds, and sent a number of their choicest treasures to keep them in honourable company. But this was a sensation for wealthy experts; one more startling was provided for the crowd. Some of those useful and laborious persons who devote themselves to the history of London may be able to tell us how long it is since wild beasts were exhibited in Cheapside. The pleasant old custom was revived last week anyhow. In large letters at the foot of their Catalogue Messrs. Protheroe & Morris announced "Also, *Cryptoprocta ferox*, Tree-lions from Madagascar." Many strange curios have been sent home by the collectors of orchids, and sold with their plants at auction, but lions are a novelty. Those who expected to see great brutes rampant and gardant were drolly surprised, but disappointment was not their feeling evidently. In fact, creatures more exquisitely pretty than the two cubs which M. Hamelin has brought from Madagascar could not be found. They sat embraced, their very long tails curled about one another, like monkeys. From the heap of soft brown fur, delicate muzzles peeped out, and eyes brighter if possible than those of a young fox watched every movement fearlessly. It is a rash thing to say that any animal is more charming and more graceful than the most charming of kittens. But one may venture to assert so much of *Cryptoprocta ferox* at four months old. Already, however, these had gone beyond the stage of pets. Their teeth and claws were deplorably *en evidence*, said the man in charge.

Messrs. Protheroe's clients did not settle down to business so steadily as usual under this distraction. First to be put up was a new *Lelia* from Mexico, of which the flower has not been seen; but experienced growers feel no doubt that it will prove to be the rare and beautiful *L. Wendlandiana*. Thence we proceeded to a new *Cypripedium*, from the island of Palawan; the flower of this also is not described, but on the strength of its promising appearance plants were bought at two to three guineas each. The glorious *Sobralia xantholeuca*, sulphur-yellow and white, fetched seven to eight guineas. A single specimen of the hybrid *Cyp. nitidissimum*, which received a first-class certificate R. H. S. last year, sold for ten guineas; *Cymbidium cyperifolium*, seven guineas. When such very uncommon plants come into the market their selling price may be usefully recorded. *Dendrobium nobile* Cooksoni—in which the ordinary colouring is reversed, by one of those strange freaks which make the fascination of orchid-culture—fetched two to three pounds each for tiny plants. *Cymbidium Humblotti*, the wondrous green and black species from Madagascar, was withdrawn; the examples of it, though certainly alive, looked so unpromising that even the skilful growers present would not buy at the figure that would certainly be asked, though it were reasonable enough. *Renanthera Storei* followed. This superb of a superb genus comes from Luzon, in the Philippines. So difficult is it to import that Messrs. Sander succeeded only once, after ten years of failure, and they have never had such

luck again; nor has any one else. Lord Rothschild bloomed it ten years ago, but his specimen died next year. Mr. Kimball, however, in the United States, enjoys its vivid scarlet and orange flowers every season. A striking hybrid of *Phajus grandifolius* and *Phajus tuberosus*, which won a first-class certificate R. H. S., fetched eleven guineas; *Phajus Sanderianus*, first class certificate 1892, seven and a half guineas. The same price was given for the new *Cypripedium Sargentii*.

A great quantity of *Cattleya gigas* succeeded—not the common type, but its glorified varieties known as the "Sanderæ section." It is understood that the Royal Horticultural Society resolved to bestow no more certificates upon this species after the triumph of *C. g. Sanderiana*—when, be it noted, Messrs. Stevens fixed a dark screen across their auction-room to show the beauty of that amazing flower to the best advantage. It might well be thought such perfection could not be rivalled. But their resolve gave way before a plant of this "section" which Mr. Hamar Bass submitted on June 6th. Within the last few days also, the Duc de Massa announces a white variety, coming from the same importation, which is described as the "crowning gem." Plants, unestablished, sold at 2*l.* 2*s.* to 10*l.* 10*s.* Two specimens of *Celogyne Sanderæ* were bought in at sixteen guineas each. These lovely things are specially interesting just now, for they come from the upper valley of the Mekong, in Siam. Wonders are told of that country, and botanists at least may rejoice that it has passed under European rule. They hear of rhododendrons, scores of species, all new, all colours and types—some with leaves as small as *Azalea amena*, others as large as magnolias; new *Primulas* by the hundred; new *Cypripeds* after the type of the American spectabile and macranthum—one has reached Messrs. Sander, who sold it, the other day, for 240 guineas; new palms, of beauty unsurpassed—among them *Phoenix Roebelinii* is already secured. These *Celogynes* were forwarded by a French missionary labouring among the Shans; he withdrew to another station when the troubles of the Burmese war arose. There is one other specimen in Europe, sent by a French traveller to Mr. Latham at the Botanical Gardens, Birmingham.

All these fine things were an introduction to the great events of the day. *Cattleya Rex* had been discovered, and even shipped, long before the first specimens came into the market two years ago. Wallis described it in 1872, and he appears to have collected some, which were no more heard of. In 1876 the great Roelz announced a "yellowish white *Cattleya*" more beautiful than any he had seen in all his experience. He brought down a number; but a revolution broke out, his Indians were pressed, and the cases were abandoned. A Frenchman carried a photograph of it round among English dealers in 1889—the photograph is extant, but the bearer's name has sunk in oblivion. He did not command confidence somehow. At length M. Linden, of Brussels, obtained a few, and great was the excitement in that small but important group of cosmopolitan society which takes interest in orchids. *Cattleya Rex* must always be valuable. It has a very narrow habitat, and there it is scarce. Few districts in the world have such a heavy rainfall or one so continuous, and from this three disconcerting results follow. The most seasoned of collectors lose half their time in fever-fits, the plants will hardly bear removal, and the transport of them is specially difficult. The uninitiated would have thought that most of these were withered beyond recovery. They sold for six and a half guineas, nine and a half, twenty, and so on; the finest was bought in at forty.

Then the *Cryptoproctas* appeared in their cage. Doubtless this beast is one of the most interesting animals even of Madagascar, where so many interesting creatures are found. It makes a genus by itself, allied to the felines on the one hand, to the civets on the other. A good specimen was secured for the Zoological Society two years ago, when we gave a notice of the genus—"More like a winged creature than a quadruped," says the keeper. These little beauties were said to be a pair. But they resolutely declined to show their agility, though urged by an enthusiastic crowd six deep. They were bought in at 85 guineas. A hundred and fifty of the new and glorious *Eulophiella Elizabethæ*, also from Madagascar, closed the sale. They fetched on an average seven guineas each.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE BAUBLE.

SCENE:—The House of Commons. Time, 3 P.M. of Monday, August 7. The Mace turns twice or thrice uneasily in its cradle on the Table; then calls in a low wailing voice for Mr. Erskine, whom it thus addresses:—

O SERJEANT! put me back again!
No place for me is here,
For though what's wrong I can't explain,
That something's wrong is clear.
Under the Table I would fain
Rest longer, Serjeant dear!

Give me again my cosy nook,
Beneath its sheltering ledge,
Cradle me there 'twixt hook and hook,
Like Moses in the sedge.
For ah! I do not like the look
Of things, above the edge.

Time was I claimed with right goodwill
My upper place once more;
It gave me quite a pleasing thrill
(Committee stage being o'er)
To see a little amended Bill
Come tripping up the floor,

Its little clauses trimmed and pared,
Its schedules clipped and clean,
Its purport and intention bared
To be by all men seen,
Its future operation squared
With what its authors mean.

But now! this Home Rule Bill to find
That Ministers dare to fling
Before us here ("amended," mind!)
For our "considering"—
This embryo! this puppy-blind,
Crude, shapeless, shiftless thing!

I cannot stand it! Put me back!
Put back your honoured Mace!
For I should bid that creature pack
Were I to keep my place.
And yet—fore-warnings did not lack
Of this supreme disgrace.

I feared it, as I felt that shock
Which now seems quite remote,
When first Big Ben struck ten o'clock,
I thought, with boding note,
And I heard the Chairman put a block
Of clauses to the vote.

I feared it more, that awful night,
When o'er my head there raged
The most discreditable fight
That ever here was waged,
And I was called to set things right,
And get the row assuaged.

'Twas not without a touch of pride,
I own, that I beheld
That furious ruction's waves subside
That late so fiercely swelled,
And how at once its roaring tide
I and the Speaker quelled.

Yet what avails our firm control
And quietude restored,
If free discussion, order's goal,
Have vanished undeplorable?
No! hide me from that shame, good soul,
Beneath this friendly Board.

Or should I e'er again be on
The Table laid in state,
Be that, dear Serjeant, only done
That I may there await
The Cromwell and the Harrison
Who shall decide my fate.

To think that I may have to say,
When He at last appears,
"The Bauble *wants* to get away,
It is not you it fears!
Well met! I hope you've come to stay,
Buff-coats and bandoliers!"

REVIEWS.

A TEDIOUS ARCHANGEL.*

A FEW years ago, shortly after the death of Emerson, an English visitor to the philosophic village of Concord was being shown the Emerson mansion by a native who was not a philosopher. "This is the window," she remarked, "out of which Mr. Emerson used to climb when he saw Mr. Alcott walking up to the front door at the opposite side of the house." She said this in a business-like way, as though to escape from Alcott were one of the necessary occupations of life, and so indeed it came to be in Concord. Emerson, with his immense patience and sympathy, bore with the importunate transcendentalist and praised him; it was due to Emerson that Alcott was tolerated; yet even his most illustrious protector and most indulgent admirer had to climb out of the side-window sometimes. "Alcott is a tedious archangel," Emerson confessed in 1840, and the phrase has constantly recurred to our memory as we have followed his career through the pages before us.

For the greater part of his life Alcott was obscure, and, when he became prominent, he grew an object rather of pity and mirth than of respect. But the School of Philosophy at Concord strenuously revered him to the last, and these bulky volumes represent the attitude of discipleship. Nobody, except perhaps the venerable Miss Elizabeth Peabody, still survives who remembers the primitive society of Concord, but Mr. Sanborn is the representative of the second generation, which itself has mainly passed away. It is to Mr. Sanborn, who was the biographer of Thoreau and the annotator of Emerson, that the main part of the present compilation is due; and he has approached Mr. Alcott with an indignant gravity. At every moment he seems to suspect that we are laughing, or are about to laugh, and he glares around at us in reproof. It is a fact that the world was apt to giggle when Mr. Alcott's name was mentioned; and Mr. Sanborn is painfully anxious that sobriety should be maintained throughout this contribution to biography. We will try to content him, but if cheerfulness will break out, he must really forgive us.

When Amos Bronson Alcott died, in 1888, he was one of the very latest survivals of the eighteenth century in America, for he had been born in 1799. His father's name was Alcox, and the son took the modified form about 1820. Joseph Chatfield Alcox was a farmer in the high pastures of Connecticut, an Episcopalian, a modest, laborious, home-abiding man. His famous son, like so many theorists on education, laboured under the disadvantage of being uneducated. He had no regular schooling after the age of fourteen, and this is to be regretted. The mind of Alcott, with all its oddities, was a remarkable one, and, if it had been well trained and disciplined, might have stood him in good stead. In his fifteenth year he went to work in a clock factory, but very soon afterwards escaped, to be a pedlar, a trade for which he had a genuine predilection. He kept at the peddling for nearly ten years, and doubtless this wandering, seckless, gossip existence was very grateful to him. In an odd autobiography in verse, which he has left behind him, he describes himself in 1821 as

a handsome fellow, with such soft address,
and gives these dazzling details regarding his costume:—

Black coat, and white cravat of daintiest tie,
Crimped ruffles, gleaming amethystine pin,
Vest of Marseilles o'er trousers of drab die,
Gold seal at watch-fob, jewelled watch within.

He spent, however, on these and other elegant superfluities rather more than he gained. In 1825 he abruptly "began a two years' course of school reform," says Mr. Sanborn, "such as has not been seen before or since in New England." The Cheshire School, as his experiment was called, has attracted a certain amount of notice. Somebody said that the central idea of it was that Don Quixote should teach a school-house full of infant Sancho Panzas. Alcott's great endeavour was to prevent the little boys from "indulging in the habit of saying

* *A. Bronson Alcott, his Life and Philosophy.* By F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris. 2 vols. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Can't when urged to mental effort." There was something of Pestalozzi in the experiment, which attracted the notice, and, we must add, the stern reprobation of Harriet Martineau when she visited America. Perhaps the oddest of Alcott's theories was that connected with punishment. Not only were impositions and chastisements awarded not directly by himself but by a jury of the boys, with Alcott as president, but if it were necessary to cane a boy, half the blows were given to the culprit, who then took the rod and laid just so many strokes on the schoolmaster, the theory of this joyous practice being that "the good, in proportion to the depth of their principle, should feel it to be worth while to share the sufferings, in order to bring the guilty to rectitude."

Alcott was fumbling along with his queer transcendental gropings after reform, when a great event happened to him. It is quaintly recorded in his diary, under the date September 28, 1828, "Heard a sermon from Rev. Mr. Emerson on the Universality of the Notion of the Deity—a very respectable effort." This is the not very enthusiastic statement of the beginning of an acquaintance to which it is scarcely too much to say that Alcott was to owe the prolongation of his intellectual and even his material existence. He had found the one great man who would have the patience to bear with him and the delicacy to emphasize only what was best in his character. Shortly after this, he met with his other guardian angel, a very clear-headed, devoted young lady, who consented to marry him. After a year of married experiences, Mrs. Alcott wrote, "I can wish no better fate to any sister of the sex than has attended me since my entrance into the conjugal state. . . . My husband is the perfect personification of modesty and moderation. I am not sure that we shall not blush into obscurity and contemplate into starvation," which, indeed, was what they immediately proceeded to do. But Abigail (for that was her name) never deserted her philosophical Mr. Micawber.

The narrative of Messrs. Sanborn and Harris is not easy to read; the style is "stodgy," if such a word be not beneath the dignity of the critical Muse, and it is sometimes not only very difficult to understand what Alcott meant, but what his biographers say. Every now and then the heavy texture of the volumes is enlivened by a light vignette. What a quaint picture, for instance, is presented to the mind by the description, from Alcott's own diary, of how his thirty-sixth birthday was spent! His pupils assembled at the usual hour; "at ten o'clock they crowned me with laurels," and delivered an address. "I then gave them a short account of my life; ending this, an ode was pronounced by one of the little girls, and we then partook of refreshment." He obviously wrote the ode himself, and it celebrated

The birth of one we love,
Our friend and Teacher too,
Who lifteth us above
The Bad we would pursue.

But he confesses that the whole thing gave him much pleasure, and one rejoices that it did, for his position was growing deplorable. "I am involved in debt," he had written four months precedent to the ode and laurel incident, "arising from the unsuccessful issue of previous experiments in human culture. What I earn is all pledged by obligations to others, and I have already anticipated the earnings of the next two or three years." He managed, too, in his innocent, helpless way, to get into trouble with every species of recognized authority in Boston. He was assailed on all sides, and his miserable embarrassments culminated in "the affair of the coloured girl in October 1838." So say Messrs. Sanborn and Harris; but it will hardly be credited that they neglect to state what "the affair of the coloured girl" was. We could knock their heads together for baffled curiosity.

Ill, persecuted, and starving, Alcott and his wife were at their last hope when Apollo cast his cloak over their beggary. There came an invitation to them from Emerson—"We have no company, and Concord is Lethe's fat wharf for lounging." They did not go immediately; but from this date Concord was practically the home where for the next half a century the Tedious Archangel lounged and talked within mysterious sylvan recesses. It is impossible to dwell here at any length on his comical and piteous adventures. Never was there formed a man with so little capacity for earning his daily bread, nor one who was less troubled by that deficiency. He tried to win a competence at the plough, but his furrows were crooked; he "swung the scythe" "for several days in the harvest fields, and found unexpected elasticity and vigour," but the owner of the crop preferred an ordinary farm-hand. At length the ever-modest transcendentalist took to cutting timber in the woods, but he spent so much of the day in meditation that, if Thoreau is to be believed, "the rats and mice made their nests in him." In short, Alcott had plaintively to confess "I am not a

profitable hireling, and rather a questionable person to employ. No one wants me"; no one, except the ever-patient, ever-generous Emerson, who paid his debts, started him again and again, listened to his poetry, and endured his conversation.

Conversation, in fact, became the artifice by which Alcott finally earned his daily bread. In that long-suffering, serious Concord, he talked on equal terms with Jones Very, who said he felt it an honour to wash his own face, because it was the temple of the spirit; with Charles Lane, who discoursed of three states, "the disconscious, the conscious, and the unconscious;" with Mrs. Caroline Tappan, who inveighed against "the brassy and lacquered life of hotels." But he talked much more persistently than they did; he chatted like the eternal waters of Musketquit itself whispering through the Concord meadows. At length it seemed to Emerson and others that a mill might be erected beside the river of talk, and grist be ground there for the innocent philosopher and his family to feed upon. So Alcott's conversations became a paying Concord institution, on which he sparsely lived until his brilliant daughter Louisa arose, and won a fortune for the family with her clever stories. A final touch makes the picture complete. Through a strange misconception of the meaning of multiplication, it was made cheaper to buy single tickets for each of Alcott's conversations than to take a season-ticket for them all. The man is displayed at full-length in this innocent and pleasing trait.

It would take us too far to consider what element of durable value lay under the mass of Alcott's painful and reiterated endeavour. Emerson's definition of him is the kindest possible; he was "a peripatetic philosopher, conversing in cities and villages whenever invited, on divinity, on human nature, on ethics, on dietetics, and a wide range of practical questions." But very little, or, to speak plainly, nothing at all, is left of this ambulatory speculation. Alcott was a vague thinker, an awkward and obscure writer, a "Tedious Archangel" of unspeakable ineffectuality. The record of his life is valuable because it gives a picture of an innocent mode of life in a province of America which to a fresh generation has already grown to seem almost fabulous.

THE TWO LANCROFTS.*

THE average three-volume novel is not usually the serious affair that its author would sometimes have us believe, even when it deals with the irreligious doubts of the middle classes or the irregular morals of some imaginary Bohemia—the favourite background of M. Zola's indiscreet imitators on this side of the Channel. The much-discredited reviewer has little, therefore, to say about these "triple-blossomed annuals." If there is, happily, any story, it can be told with a few adjectives of commendation or damnation, after which nothing remains to suggest any criticism, stimulating or otherwise. But on very rare occasions a novel appears which can be discussed on a different plane. A cantankerous author once asked what pleasure, if any, a reviewer derived from his calling. Well, the most miserable of us have our moments, our golden milestones, of joy, and the production of any book which amuses or promotes an intelligent train of thought or excites our imagination is the *aurum potabile* we hope and pray for. Like many good things, it brings its disadvantages, and we often find too much to say concerning our treasure trove—the little ewe-lamb of our literary being.

Never has this difficulty been more felt than after reading *The Two Lancrofts*, by a writer who is already distinguished as the author of *A Marriage de Convenance*. In these days very few authors are allowed to have written a novel until they are known to have preconceived theories on the aims and objects of fiction; purpose or purposeless, art for art's sake, realism, naturalism, romanticism—it does not matter much what the password may be, for theories are cheap to-day. And as Mr. Keary has decided leanings in a particular direction, he should be popular with the higher criticism. His book is the triumphant exposition of whatever is best in a certain literary church. Effect is sacrificed to what is supposed to be truth, by way of asserting, it would seem, that truth is not stranger, but *less obvious*, than fiction. Mr. Keary is the self-avowed realist. His is not the realism of M. Zola, but rather that of Tolstoi, the Tolstoi who wrote *Anna Karenina* (not the *Kreutzer Sonata*). His record of life is spontaneous, not imitative. In *The Two Lancrofts* things happen as they may happen to all of us any day. As we are amused or saddened, or bored with life, so are we amused, or saddened, or bored with *The Two Lancrofts*. It is true that, as a great thinker once pointed out, in life we have no time to be bored; for a condition of misery precludes the existence of a negative state

* *The Two Lancrofts*. By C. F. Keary. 3 vols. London: Osgood & McIlvaine. 1893.

like boredom. Yet the whole question is apt to land us with a Roman Catholic free-lance who the other day tried to point out to his co-religionists how easy it was to be happy though damned.

Construction, or rather the popular scaffolding that goes to build up the ordinary novel, Mr. Keary avoids. He does not develop characters; they develop themselves. He does not lead up to catastrophe, anti-climax scenes or dramatic situations. They occur. Promising people come to nothing, and fascinating personalities vanish from our sight. The two cousins are not heroes; they are modern young men who possess individuality rather than character. Of them we hear more, and are more interested in the less attractive—Willie Lancroft. In the first volume he is athletic, but with a taste for poetry. Mr. Keary reveals the art which the real artist cannot altogether conceal; for, where greater novelists have been unable to shun caricature, he exercises a splendid restraint even when describing Cockney bank-clerks. Grotesques are not necessarily gargoyles; to appreciate the difference is, indeed, a distinction.

Hope Lancroft, the witty dashing art student, close-fisted and generous at once, and a little bit of a coward, is one of the few people courageously adjusted to our theory of life we know in modern novels. When *Clarissa Harlowe* was making its appearance, Richardson received a letter for his heroine (addressed to his care) from a lady who believed she could offer valuable advice to one undergoing such terrible misfortunes. Hope Lancroft might inspire a similar correspondence. An unsought and unforeseen rivalry in life and love between the cousins practically forms the plot of the story. Where a deal of psychology and subtle elaboration was inevitable, it is astonishing to find how admirably Mr. Keary has rejected superfluous details and preposterous accessories. The life in a London bank, or among the art students of Paris, is not dragged in for the sake of background, but belongs to the career of Willie Lancroft; and the cant of the *ateliers* has seldom been more faithfully reproduced. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Keary has not made the most of some excellent material—notably the character of Sloane Jarvis, the æsthetic schoolmaster, which, as mere portraiture, is the greatest stroke in the book.

Mr. Keary, with unpardonable diffidence, runs away from his own monsters. With his feminine creations he is less successful. The actress Thyra Lemoine, and the fashionable young lady Ela Featherstone, are stereotypes that might have issued from any author's brain. Though they are perfectly real people, and the most heckling member of the Pioneers could find no flaw in Thyra's conduct or in the sequence of Ela's affections, they are not given flesh and blood. From Mr. Keary we expect observation and invention, not photography. Edith Hope's sister is however, admirable. She is the kind of lady whose existence women resent and often deny.

The interest or excitement of the book is mainly intellectual, never sensitive or sensational. The moral and mental attitude of the men and women is that of people around us, the conversations those of yesterday, the finality that of to-morrow. It will be noted, therefore, with surprise that the author has endowed Willie Lancroft with certain sentiments and opinions which, as advertisements say, recall the delicious blends of thirty years ago. Young men of the present day do not read Wordsworth's poems. When they begin it is a premonition of age (perhaps of wisdom), but not precocity. Our *juventus torosa* batters on Mr. Swinburne, and the less "*torosial*" on Mr. Rossetti. Though here and there a secret Wordsworth reader may be found, he is abnormal, and, as the catalogues say, *n.d. very rare*. Mr. Keary, the unswerving realist, has for once lapsed into the ideal, an error on which we would be the last to insist.

Not the least of Mr. Keary's attainments, many and varied, is the possession of a literary equipment so many novelists have failed to acquire. He is master of a scholarly English, of passion tempered with reticence, pathos undiluted with pathology, and epigram freed of the new humour. It is not, therefore, remarkable that he should be the author of one of the most striking and original novels which have appeared for a very long time.

WINCHESTER AND MARLBOROUGH.*

THE celebration of the quinquennial year of the foundation of Winchester College, recently honoured as befits the

* *School Life at Winchester College*. By Robert Blachford Mansfield. Third edition. London: David Nutt; Winchester: F. & G. Wells. 1893.

The Ancient Ways: Winchester Fifty Years Ago. By the Rev. W. Tuckwell, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

A History of Marlborough College. By A. G. Bradley, A.C. Champneys, and J. W. Baines. London: John Murray. 1893.

The Early Days of Marlborough College. By Edward Lockwood. London: Simpkin & Co. 1893.

august occasion, has been aptly signalized in other ways not less pleasant to all who are interested in the ancient and famous school of William of Wykeham. The event is worthily consummated by the appearance of a new edition of Mr. Mansfield's extremely graphic and interesting pictures of a "Junior's" life at Winchester some fifty years ago, and by the publication of Mr. Tuckwell's recollections of the school at the same period. Past and present phases of public-school life of a totally different character are further illustrated in the *History of Marlborough College*, by Messrs. Bradley, Champneys, and Baines, published in anticipation of the jubilee of the school, which falls during this present month of August. Thus there is something of a flood of school reminiscence and history this summer. Winchester is particularly fortunate in this kind of literature. We know of no book about Eton, for example, that produces quite the same impression of force and truth as Mr. Mansfield's volume, and it is with no surprise we learn from the author's preface to the present edition that it evoked cordial expressions of approval on its appearance from Wykehamists in all parts of the world. The one exception noted by Mr. Mansfield is by no means so notable as it might seem to the uninitiated, since it is clear that the strictures on the book that appeared in the *Wykehamist* were written by one who could not have known the Winchester so vividly described by Mr. Mansfield. It is well, however, that such misapprehensions, strange as they are, should be cleared away. With this intent Mr. Mansfield has partly revised his final chapter, not in the way of correction—for there was none needed—but in placing more emphatically before the reader the changes that had been effected in the school between the period of which he wrote, 1835-1840, and the date of his writing, 1862. Altogether, he thinks, there have been more changes at Winchester since his time than during the whole period of the previous history of the school. The picturesque old custom of the procession to "Hills" has disappeared. The privileges of Founders' kin are gone, and both Commoners and College boys are now eligible for New College scholarships. Though the election is still held in mid-July, the glories of election-week have departed. The curious ceremony of the oath is abolished. The juniors are no longer compelled to "kick in" at football, and there is much less of "watching out" at cricket. Vanished for ever is that interesting official the Præfect of "Tub," the guardian of the Tub into which were gathered the "dispers," or, more correctly, "dispers,"—if we take Mr. Tuckwell's derivation, from *dispartio*—that were not consumed by the boys, or men, as we should say, and were distributed to the poor of the city. The "pandemonium" at six o'clock dinner, described by Mr. Mansfield with so dolorous yet humorous recollection of his services as a junior, has long ceased to prevail in hall. Merry it was in hall, no doubt, in the light of the flickering dips; but now there is gas, and a master presides, and they dine at one, not six. Such are a few of the innovations Mr. Mansfield notes. And, let us observe with approval of the admirable spirit of loyalty that animates his book, he is content to record them, not to criticize, or comment favourably or otherwise on the transmutations effected. He writes as the historian should write. His book is too well known, or ought to be, to detain us further, though we cannot refrain once more from delighting in the illustrations, especially in what we must describe as the archaic quality of those that are coloured. About these there is an artistic accord with the theme that charms us by its delicate propriety. What though there is something of excess in the rubicund complexions of the Winchester boys, and something, which Mr. Mansfield also notes, of stiffness and angularity in their figures, yet the true atmosphere is there, and the local sentiment and the architectural charm, and a suggestion of pathos that is indescribable. Of a truth these drawings, like the clouds of sunset, do take a sober colouring to eyes that must acknowledge their appeal, and have "watched out" from other spheres of activity, not unobservant of the changes that years have brought.

Mr. Tuckwell's book, which likewise treats of Winchester half a century ago, is not a whit less loyal, if a trifle more modern in tone, and is illustrated by many excellent drawings. Naturally, being contemporaneous, the account of the school, its management, customs, and characteristics, is comprehensive of recollections that is set forth in Mr. Mansfield's book. Mr. Tuckwell's recollections are full of interest and pleasantly flavoured with anecdotes. He tells of fishing experiences with Frank Buckland, who, like himself, was, on occasion, a nimble poacher. He recalls his own election, and the ceremonial dinner whereat the gospel for the week was read by a senior boy, and he partook of "stuckling," that unutterable dish, and of the strong beer named "Huff." Nor does he omit to tell of "bever" and of the delicate method of frying potatoes, the correct recipe for which is given by Mr. Mansfield. He suffered as a junior the process of hardening the

hand for the prompt grasping of hot frying-pans, coffee-pots, &c.' and describes how he watched his "Hubert preparing his implement," and felt the "grinding thrill" caused by the tearing of the tender palm by the burning wood. Of sports and games he is a genial chronicler. There was "small crockets," a kind of informal cricket, played with a wicket stump and a "tizzy poole," which was a sixpenny tennis ball bought of Poole the head porter. *A propos* of football he remembers hearing a Peninsular officer say he would rather charge a French regiment than go into a Winchester "hot." Of the musical recollections of "Potato-room," he recalls how the strains of "Glorious Apollo," "The Red Cross Knight," and other glees, still float up to him through the years. Once when the chaplain, Swanton, familiarly known as "Swinx," was preaching his favourite sermon on Apollos, the musical boys were vastly amused by the preacher's energetic appeal "May we not all be glorious Apolloses?" Mr. Tuckwell commemorates the incredible amount of Latin committed to memory by the end of summer term or "long" for "standing up." The record for the eight lessons is held by "Algernon Bathurst, now a revising barrister, who took up 16,000 lines in all." In his time, he observes, the most remarkable feat at this function was a total equivalent to 1,600 lines the lesson, by H. Furneaux, the editor of Tacitus, which drew from Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews, the appropriate quotation:—

And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Messrs. Bradley and Champneys, with the aid of several old Marlburians, such as Mr. Baines, have produced in their *History of Marlborough College* a school history of a comprehensive character. It embraces the annals of the school since its foundation in 1843 and deals with every aspect of interest that the old Wiltshire town presents. In the spirit of Stow, Mr. Champneys treats of the antiquities and political history of the borough, tracing the connexion of the school with the old "Castle" inn, the mansion of the Seymours, and thence to the vanished Castle and the Mound and its builders. Marlborough, though a modern school, can claim some decidedly respectable associations with the past, and Mr. Champneys has done well to set these before the reader by way of introduction to Mr. Bradley's chronicles of the school. The transformation of the picturesque house of the Seymours into a roadside inn is one of the strangest freaks of fortune recorded of the history of country-houses. Naturally persons of sensibility were greatly moved by the event. Writing in 1751, Lady Vere says:—"We lay at the 'Castle Inn' at Marlborough on Wednesday night, and could not help moaning over it, as it was an ancient habitation of the Seymours." She describes the multitudes drawn to the house from curiosity, and laments the approaching sale of "several old pictures, that really look to be good, particularly one of Henry VI.," which she means to bid for on her return from Bath. Happily, the fear she expresses that the Duke of Dorset might be reminded that Knowle would make "as convenient an inn for Tunbridge as this does for Bath" was never realized. In 1842 the lease of the old "Castle" was running out, the Great Western line was extended beyond Swindon from the west and to Reading from the east, the forty-two coaches that were wont to run daily through the town were almost entirely run off the road by the railway, and it seemed, therefore, to the Committee of philanthropic gentlemen who desired to found a cheap school for the sons of clergymen that the "Castle" offered a convenient local habitation for their enterprise. In August 1843 the first gathering of two hundred boys assembled at the "Castle." The number was to be limited to five hundred, according to the scheme. The notion of boarding so large a number of boys, "without thought of private profit," says Mr. Bradley, was then something new, and the promise of a first-class education at a low price attracted hundreds of boys at the outset. But the amount charged for maintenance and instruction was placed far below the actual cost, as the Council had to learn from bitter experience. The founders of Marlborough had undertaken a work, Mr. Bradley observes, "of which no one of them had any experience whatever." For a long period there was a constant struggle to stave off bankruptcy. In 1853 the financial condition of the school was such that imminent extinction of the enterprise was threatened. The story of these years of struggle tells of the deplorable deficiencies of the catering department, the unquenchable spirit of insubordination—which came to a head in the great rising of the school in 1851—and of the general practice of indiscriminate flogging, which even the best-disposed of old Marlburians stigmatize as "brutal." For many years there was but one schoolroom. "Imagine," exclaims Mr. Bradley, "the rigours of a Wiltshire February, with a couple of open grates for two hundred and fifty boys!" There was no provision for out-

door games or healthy recreation. The boys rambled about the country in their play-hours, and became the scourge of gamekeepers and farmers. The dormitory bully worked his wicked will unchecked, and horrible stories are told of the tortures the "small boy" suffered at Marlborough in the old days. The system of management was calculated to foster chaos and rebellion. Marlborough in these days was less like any public school in the country than is now conceivable; and resembled, rather, an overgrown and unwieldy private school. In the "fifties," after the notorious rebellion of '51, the historian records the beginning of a new era, with improved organization and government under Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, who succeeded Wilkinson, the first headmaster; and when, after Cotton's brief term of office, the present Dean of Westminster took his place—not by election, but by being "named" as Cotton's successor—the new order began to establish itself firmly, though not without some ebullitions of "the old Adam," as Mr. Bradley calls it. There was, for example, a great poaching raid into Savernake Forest that recalled the old lawlessness that was once general; but this affair was almost the last outbreak of the kind. The years of prosperity and of continuous efficiency subsequent to this period (1858-1860) are naturally less productive of stirring and strange events than the twenty years or so of depression and struggle. It is at this critical time that the writers on Marlborough cricket and football take up their recording pens in the present volume; and full of interest are their annals of these and other games during the last thirty years. Marlborough cricket, though a thing of yesterday, compared with Eton or Winchester cricket, has a distinguished history, as the names of S. C. Voules, W. H. Benthall, J. J. Sewell, A. G. Steel—whose brilliant career dates from 1874—H. R. Heatley, F. Meyrick-Jones, and many another famous player, must suffice to recall. The book is prettily illustrated, chiefly from drawings by old Marlburians.

Mr. Edward Lockwood's cheery and amusing, if somewhat discursive, recollections of Marlborough date from the very first of those tentative days "when an experiment was being made how to rear the greatest number of parsons' sons at a minimum of cost." Perhaps the experiences painted in lively colours by Mr. Lockwood of life at Marlborough may have made him the keen naturalist and sportsman he became in after life. His taste must have been stimulated by the free custom of breaking bounds and ranging Savernake Forest, and holding unrestricted intercourse with rustic birds'-nests and other sporting characters. Like other "original Marlburians," however, he writes strongly, though with a pleasant humour, of the treatment he was subjected to under the system of wholesale and impartial caning that was then in vogue. He recalls also the dolorous condition of wolfish hunger the small boy at Marlborough was frequently reduced to by the system of short commons. But he does not omit to tell us that there was a kind of unwritten rule that salt fish was not to be eaten. Thus on such occasions "stale bread, washed down by water from the pump," was his only food. "There was a tradition," he remarks, "in the Lower School that if any master raised his arm above his head whilst in the act of caning he was liable to be fined a bottle of the best champagne." Whether this penalty was enforced in his case Mr. Lockwood cannot say, but he knows he never received his share of the wine, and suggests that it may have been consumed in the "Common-room" when the masters drank his health and wished him a speedy repetition of the "dose." But these dark reminiscences are more than swamped by the recollection of sporting adventures, which must have been exceedingly enjoyable to judge from the vivid account of them given by the writer. He was an expert trapper of polecats, rabbits, and other creatures. Once he caught a rabbit and left it in the care of a woman at a cottage to be cooked on a certain day. To that cottage he repaired with three others, of "the baser sort, poor grammarians like himself," and they fell to that rabbit like famished hunters in wild freebooting style, to the accompaniment of a quart of wondrous ale that cost them three halfpence—and no after aches. It is readily seen that Mr. Lockwood gladly forgets the tribulations of Marlborough life, five-and-forty years ago, in reviving his early experience as a naturalist. Again and again he drops the theme to tell some story of Indian bird or beast, as when he relates how he roused the indignation of Mr. Edward Blythe, Curator of the Calcutta museum, by his injurious comments on a certain orang-outang. The Curator remonstrated "Let us have no more of this, or I shall be compelled to tell what that handsome ape is thinking now of you," which reminds us of the man of science and the late lamented "Sally." In the same volume Mr. Lockwood gives some graphic pictures of "Patna during the Mutiny," and of "The Natural History of

Riviera," and a sketch of "Old Haileybury." Altogether, both in text and illustrations—some of which are more nearly related to the North Pole than to Marlborough—his book is oddly miscellaneous, yet vastly pleasant reading.

MOUNTAINEERING HANDBOOKS.*

TRULY the modern mountaineer is a person well provided for. Twenty years ago the literature of mountaineering, in its technical and now familiar sense, may be said to have consisted of Ball's *Alpine Guide*, a certain number of articles in the *Alpine Journal* not easily found except by the journal's constant readers, and passages dispersed through *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, and such books as those of Mr. Tyndall and Mr. Justice Wills. Ordinary guide-books were only beginning to admit that mountaineering could be the pursuit of a rational man, and mostly ignored it. Now there is a choice of excellent handbooks both general and special. Hardly a district in the Alps is without a good local guide-book, which will generally give clues to detailed articles in the journals of the various Alpine clubs. Hardly a general guide-book fails to indicate, more or less, the sources of special and local information. The art of mountaineering has been studied and expounded in every detail, so that people who go climbing without the necessary and convenient equipment, or omit any known point of precaution, are wholly without excuse. Self-cooking soup tins, kola biscuits, and other cunning arrangements of meat, drink, and restoratives have been added to the resources of the bivouac; but it is hardly a bivouac in the Alps nowadays, for club huts have supplanted the ancient caves and crannies. The Eiger Hole and the old Kastenstein are tenantless, and in the Eastern Alps many of the huts are really miniature inns. Those who seek to realize the former conditions of mountaineering must go further afield. Meanwhile civilization has invaded everything below the snow-line, and the common rail-borne tripper is rampant at Zermatt. At the same time the taste for mountain walking and climbing has increased enormously; the increase has been most notable and rapid on the Continent. Two years ago the present writer fell in with a party of about a dozen young Piedmontese out for a holiday, who walked up from Breil to the Theodul hut just for a morning's pastime, as an English party might walk up Leith Hill. It may be doubted indeed whether the best quality of mountaineering is any better than it was twenty or thirty years ago; and we have heard from good judges the opinion that the average of climbing, among those who undertake the greater expeditions, has rather fallen off. Mountains and mountaineering, in one word, have become popular, with the attendant good and evil of popularity.

Thus mountaineering fairly claims its place in the "All-England" series of books on athletic and outdoor exercises. Dr. Claude Wilson has wisely judged that a manual on this scale should be addressed to beginners, and should deal with the fundamentals of the craft in a full, plain, and elementary manner. He has thus produced, not a mere condensation or compilation of existing books, but a real and useful addition to the mountaineer's library. Moreover, although the beginner's needs are mainly consulted, even experienced climbers may find profitable hints in more than one of Dr. Wilson's pages. There is really next to nothing to criticize: all Dr. Wilson's advice to climbers is full of approved wisdom and prudence, too brief to be ever thought wearisome, and too clear to be mistaken. We may note for correction in a future issue the minute error of Hinchcliff for Hinchliff, a name well known among the founders of the Alpine Club. It is not exactly true that Albert Smith's ascent of Mont Blanc was the last (*i.e.* of ordinary travellers' ascents by the ordinary route) which formed the subject of a special monograph, though it may be said to have substantially closed the period of such publications. As concerning one or two strange notions about the Alpine Club and the qualification required of its members which appear to be more or less current, we quite agree with Dr. Wilson that his discreet correction of them is justified and may be useful. As Courts of Equity have always refused to define Fraud, so has the Alpine Club always refused to define its mountaineering qualification. Continental Alpine Clubs (with the exception, we think but are not sure, of one Austrian club) have not any qualification of this kind. Their large number of subscribing members, as well as having their headquarters or branches at hand, enables them to

build huts, make or improve paths, and the like. People who forget that our Alpine Club is limited in numbers and has no means of supervising works in the Alps now and then reproach it, we conceive unreasonably, with not undertaking these things.

Dr. Wilson's book would afford as good a text as any for discourse on the real and the fancied dangers of mountaineering; but there is really nothing new to be said on this topic. The true principles, as our author justly points out, were laid down many years ago by Mr. Leslie Stephen and others. And, as he also points out, most of the avoidable dangers (apart from what he calls the "self-made dangers" of preliminary negligence and incompetence) may be resolved into bad guiding; and it is not to be presumed that every formally qualified guide in every part of the Alps is good. Bad guiding may be said to include going without guides, except in the case of the limited number of amateurs who have proved their competence in this behalf. Such amateurs are beyond the need of elementary counsels; and, with all respect to Dr. Wilson's opinion, we think they may even be allowed—though seldom anywhere, and of course never on crevassed snow—to go two on a rope. But a teacher addressing himself to beginners is quite right to be dogmatic on the safe side. Especially wholesome is the warning that when a competent guide says "I will go on if you bid me," retreat is the only prudent course. No traveller is justified in taking, merely for pleasure or ambition, a risk which the leading guide will not distinctly accept. A really good guide, however, will hardly use this formula without a previous exposition which makes it clear that it is but a verbal saving of honour, as who should say, "This will not do for going on; but please enable me to say that we turned back, not that I turned you back." We have known the different and, we hope, not common case of a second-rate guide refusing to take a course which would have turned an ordinary expedition into a rather distinguished one, and which the leader and the travellers (all men of some experience and in good training) wished to take. In such a case the recalcitrant is master of the situation, as, even if the party would be strong enough without him, he could not be left alone. Another party worked out the route in question with perfect success either in the same or in a shortly following season. The same guide showed his wisdom by suddenly turning round, in the middle of a short but pretty steep snow-crest, on the traveller behind him, with whom he had never been before, and asking "Haben Sie Schwindel?" That traveller has not yet ceased wondering what would have happened if the question had put giddiness into his head, or he had answered "Yes" out of pure malice.

Dr. Wilson's little practical "tips" are excellent. Note, for example, his precepts for an early start, pointed by Mr. Ellis Carr's delightful frontispiece of the half-awake mountaineer coming downstairs. We trust that same mountaineer has not been studying too intently the careful figures of divers knots which are to be found in this book, and mixing them up in his dreams. For if a man, preparing for a rock-climb in which the party must move at different paces, should put the bundle of axes into a double figure-of-eight knot, and his own person into a clove hitch, the results would be such as, in the now classical phrase of Ball, are "not recommended for general adoption." All Mr. Carr's illustrations, we should say, are good; we should like to see more of his work produced with larger room and opportunities. One hint may be added to what is said of the refectory—for there be few who can boast of it as a meal—upon which a start is made in the small hours. An egg beaten up raw in one's coffee is more grateful than a cooked one at such times, and has more sustaining power. The modern invention of taking a box of sardines and using the spare oil for the boots, of which Dr. Wilson speaks as now well known, is a pretty piece of Alpine economics.

The "Climbers' Guides" are addressed to the mature and serious mountaineer, who will find them none too dear at their apparently high price. The two parts before us combine every possible warranty of both general and particular knowledge. The mountains of Cogne, the Gran Paradiso and the rest of them, have been well worked over by the Italian Alpine Club of late years, and let no man think that Italians cannot climb nowadays. But Martelli and Vaccarone will not go in the pocket, and moreover Mr. Yeld and Mr. Coolidge testify of what they have themselves climbed. In the Lepontine Alps, or, more strictly, "the Adula Alps of the Lepontine range," Mr. Coolidge is on much less familiar ground, and will be almost indispensable. We do not understand why this book—at any rate the copy before us—is not furnished with a map of any kind. In the pocket of *The Mountains of Cogne* there is a clear and useful though a small one. And so we wish a good season, good snow, and sound rocks to all honest mountaineers.

* *Mountaineering*. By Claude Wilson, M.D., Member of the Alpine Club. With Illustrations by Ellis Carr, Member of the Alpine Club. London: Bell & Sons. 1893.

The Mountains of Cogne. By George Yeld and W. A. B. Coolidge. *The Adula Alps*. By W. A. B. Coolidge. [Both in "Conway and Coolidge's Climbers' Guides."] London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

SOME CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS.*

WE altogether commend Mr. Bullen's idea of republishing Thomas Stanley's translation of the Anacreontea with the Greek text in face, an appendix of genuine fragments untranslated, some chosen experiments of others besides Stanley (notably those of the mysterious and remarkable "A. W." in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*) and a set of illustrations by Mr. Weguelin. In regard to these last Mr. Bullen does not go much too far in extolling them. The artist's drawing is sometimes odd—convention and impression alike will, for instance, have nothing to say to the Venus in the Waves at p. 123—and we are not enamoured of the rather smudgy heliogravure process by which his work is rendered. But he hath a pretty classical taste in design, and that is the chief thing. On the other hand, we will go even further than Mr. Bullen does in the admiration of the Anacreontea themselves, and that not only because we—like him, and like many others—began our Greek with *Θέλω λέγειν* 'Arpeidas, and because we remember thinking it the most delightful marriage of words and metre that the extensive reading of nine or ten years old had ever come across. Much poetical water has passed this mill since; but we still think the originals of these poems rather undervalued by scholars. It may be that they are only exquisitely pretty; but then, is there so very much in the world, literary or other, that is exquisitely pretty?

Thomas Stanley's version may be praised without stint. Stanley, indeed, though much forgotten in this age of democracy and dulness, was no mean man in more ways than one. He edited *Æschylus*, and every lover of the greatest of Greek tragedians—the greatest of all, save one—knows that his work is not yet obsolete. He wrote the first (at least, we think it was the first), and certainly not the worst, *History of Philosophy* in English. He belonged to both Universities, travelled much, read immensely, and died in middle age. A late and very minor member of the Caroline group of poets, he did no original verse of much merit, standing with Sherburne in pretty obvious relations of discipleship to Carew. But he was an excellent translator of a peculiar kind of classical work—the *Per-vigilium Veneris*, some things of Ausonius, some Alexandrian Idyls, and these Anacreontics. If some more celebrated persons of the same school (which was evidently the school for the business) have done individual poems better, Stanley's is far the best translation as a whole. Even Herrick (whose Anacreontic translations have never seemed to us his best work, though Hazlitt, in a specious context of depreciation, chose to say so) forces the note a little. Stanley does not. His trochees (by the way, it is odd that so few translators have attempted the exact metre of the original) skip most decently in harmony, if not in unison, with the Greek; he never exaggerates the *mignardise* of the phrase, never caricatures or denaturalizes his model. Thus, for instance:—

See, the Spring herself discloses
And the Graces gather roses;
See how the becalm'd seas
Now their swelling waves appease,
How the duck swims, how the crane
Comes from his winter home again;
See how Titan's cheerful ray
Chaseth the dark clouds away.
Now in their new robes of green
Are the Ploughman's labours seen,
Now the lusty teeming earth
Springs each hour with a new birth,
Now the olive blooms, the vine
Now doth with plump pendants shine,
And with leaves and blossoms now
Freshly burgeons every bough.

If Stanley, wheresoe'er he be, has access to the newest publications in his favourite classical subjects, we fear that the first volume of translations from Horace which we have upon our list will justify him in a mild remark to his next neighbour in the Session of the Poets. "It do seem that they order not these things better in England than of old." We have seen many bad translations of Horace, but we have seldom seen one worse than Mr. Walker's. He tells us, of course, that he executed it to

* *Anacreon*. The Greek Text, with Thomas Stanley's Translation. Edited by A. H. Bullen, and illustrated by J. R. Weguelin. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1893.

The Odes and Carmen Seculare of Horace. Translated by T. A. Walker. London: Elliot Stock. 1893.

Odes and Epodes of Horace. By Sir Stephen De Vere. London: Bell & Sons. 1893.

Arrian's Anabasis of Alexander and Indica. By E. J. Chinnock. London: George Bell & Sons. 1893.

Æschylus—The Orestia. By Lewis Campbell. London: Methuen. 1893.

Cicero de Oratore. Book I. By E. N. P. Moor. London: Methuen. 1893.

while away hours of illness, and we take some credit to ourselves from refraining from the time-honoured retort. He tells us, equally of course, that his friends asked him to publish it; and in this respect also comment is superfluous. But he tells us further that he was familiar long ago with the original at Winchester and Oxford; and the statement is really enough to make the waves of Itchen and Isis run red with shame. It must have seriously interfered with the just satisfaction of William of Wykeham at his quingentenary. And, to drop from jest to earnest, it takes away the very last excuse from Mr. Walker.

For the defects of his version are about the worst, from the point of view of scholarship, that any such version can have. Every now and then heretics arise, among those who know their classics best and love them most, on the subject of Horace. Acknowledging much in him, they demur to a certain lack of poetical remoteness and romance, to a French rather than English touch, to an almost excessive neatness, prettiness, and polish. They may be right or they may be wrong; it is probable that even the most obstinate of them is staggered a little when he thinks of *Justum et tenacem, of Tyrrhena regum, of Intactis opulentior, of Qualem ministrum* (the most splendid piece of poetical patriotism ever written), or of that greatest of the Epodes which holds out the example of the *exsecrata civitas* of Phocæa. But one thing, or set of things, the most whole-hearted and the most half-hearted admirer of Horace must agree about—that he is never anything but an exquisite and impeccable poetical craftsman in lyric. If there is ever any vulgarity of sentiment in him (and there is sometimes), it is redeemed by the perfection of his form and phrase. He is never slipshod, never unempt, never—with all his ease—grossly familiar. We think that a little florilegium of the best-known passages from Mr. Walker will show that almost everything we have here said of Horace is conspicuous by its absence or its opposite in this version:—

O grandson of Atlas, by means of thy teaching
Came rational language, conversing, and preaching,
The comely palestra, and grace in beseeching,
And ditties were sung.

And yet I've not the paw, Chloë,
Of lion to alarm,
Nor tiger's heart and claw, Chloë,
To tear or do you harm.

My Zanthias Phoeus, oh! be not ashamed
Of love for your handmaid. Long since
By captive Briseis Achilles was tamed:
Her colour of snow enamoured her foe,
And enthralled the proud heart of the prince.

Had but one tooth, Barine, turned black, when forsworn,
Or one nail been in justice discoloured or torn,
I'd believe what you utter as truths;
But no sooner have vows bound your treacherous head,
Than you break them uninjured, and come forth instead
An engrossing concern to our youths.

It is luckily possible to refit the shattered temper, and venture once more on the treacherous sea of translation, under Sir Stephen De Vere's auspices, without too much apprehension of finding a Cockney rattle of undistinguished rhymes substituted for the music and the phrase of Horace. Sir Stephen has put forth specimens of his powers in this way before (though this is, we believe, the fullest appearance he has yet made), and his preface, though we are very far from agreeing with all its principles or all its conclusions, gives the reader a pleasant assurance that he is in safe hands. Nor is this confidence dissipated or betrayed by the text. Sir Stephen may, indeed, carry the theory of paraphrase (for which he has, of course, great authorities and no small arguments) too far. Exactly the same may be said of his general, though not universal, adoption of the Pindaric license, instead of the straiter laws of any particular stanza. But he uses the liberties he thus takes in a worthy fashion. We could only do him justice by citations of impossible fulness. But we think it will be admitted that this is a singularly happy rendering of *Mercuri facunde* which, after considerable hesitation, we have chosen on the strictest principle of haphazard:—

ODE X.
Mercuri facunde.

I.
Hermes from Atlas sprung!
Herald of Jove! The gift was thine
Rude ways of new-born races to refine
With athlete grace, and eloquence and song.
Bright parent of the vocal shell
In whose deep breast sweet murmurs ever dwell.

2.

An infant still, in sportive play,
Thou stol'st Apollo's kine away;
Apollo chid the laughing child,
Then found his quiver gone, and smiled.
A gamesome infant thou, and deft
To hide the arch and frolic theft.

3.

Guided by thee, with fearless tread
Thro' Argive camps King Priam sped:
Unmarked he passed, that aged sire,
Th' Atride's tent, the watchman's fire.

4.

Thou ledest forth the shadowy crew
Thro' realms unknown, with golden wand,
Bringing the pious, just, and true,
To homes of bliss, a chosen band.
Guardian and guide in life, in death,
Dear to the Gods, above, beneath!

And there are better things than this by far; the version of *Altera jam teritur* (which we hope Sir Stephen is wrong in calling "little known") being almost worthy of the original.

The most that any one has a right to expect when he takes up a translation of Arrian's *Anabasis* is a good mechanical companion who will be reasonably faithful, and satisfy his material requirements. Though Arrian was a very respectable man both for writing and sense, nobody reads him for his style or his reflections, very far from despicable as both are. He had access to books which we do not possess, and, on the very sufficient model of Xenophon, he threw their contents into readable form, which has very fortunately been preserved. As a disciple, editor, or what not of Epictetus, he has, of course, other claims, but they have nothing to do with this work of Mr. Chinnock's. It appears to us, so far as we can judge by dips and comparisons with the original, to be a very respectable work, very fairly accurate (if not absolutely so), but a little inelegant and rather unduly timid in that first duty of a translator which consists in breaking up or running together sentences if necessary. If we were to formulate the whole duty of a translator, we should say, "Word for word where you can, except where the higher duty of idiom for idiom requires a change; but by no manner of means sentence for sentence!" The worst fault we have to find with Mr. Chinnock is a want of nice taste in employing synonyms and selecting words. When he says that the ascent to the Rock of Chorieneas was "narrow and not easy to mount, since it had been constructed in spite of the nature of the place," he forgets that it must have been much more difficult to mount before it was constructed. "Because," or "forasmuch as," or the simple participle "having" is wanted, not "since," with its double meaning. The notes are good, and show a real knowledge of Greek. Mr. Chinnock is probably right in calling Arrian the best writer of his age next to Lucian. But there is in him a certain clumsiness of sentence, from which Lucian is free.

Messrs. Methuen have started a very pretty series of classical translations, printed in the very best style by Messrs. Constable, papered and bound in a manner far exceeding the usual deplorable fashion of such things, and, so far as we can judge from the specimens before us, produced by competent, and more than competent, scholars. Professor Campbell has already Englished Æschylus in verse, and this is perhaps the best preparation for undertaking him in prose. To those who have the almost unmatched music of the original ringing in their ears no prose equivalent can ever seem quite satisfactory, and, of course, in a writer like Æschylus there will always be room for friendly difference of opinion, first about the text and then about the rendering of the text. And there is a little practical difficulty which follows from this. You come to a passage which excites such difference; you refer to the Greek, and then you go on reading that, not the English. Professor Campbell will, we should imagine, be the last to find fault with this weakness.

Mr. Moor's version of the *De Oratore* is close and good. He seems to have prepared it with a special purpose in view, that of providing material for re-translation, and for this it should be very useful. The most excellent way in such cases is perhaps for the master to dictate an extempore translation, or prepare one beforehand; but, as some men are not equal to the first plan, and too lazy or too busy for the second, such a book as this should come in very handy.

BOOKS IN MANUSCRIPT.*

IN this little volume on a great subject Mr. Madan has tried to do too much. It is only possible for him to examine in the very slightest way a great majority of the subjects he starts. As lecturer at Oxford on mediæval palæography, he has a large fund of first-hand information to draw upon; but almost all his chapters are of such a character that they might be expanded into a volume. It is quite impossible, for example, to do justice to the whole subject of styles in illumination in a dozen small pages. It is the same with the chapter devoted to literary forgeries, where less than four parenthetical lines are given to Shapira. A very interesting chapter is on blunders made by scribes, but that on famous libraries is far too much condensed. Mr. Madan, in his history of writing and the origin of letters, is the first English author, we believe, who plainly states a fact, slurred over in most books on palæography—namely, that our modern alphabet is only a modification of ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics. On this point he is perfectly clear, though he does not choose the best examples to prove his point. A and B would have been far better than D and M. We have two wholly different forms of A, and the same must be said of B; but there is no difficulty in showing that each form comes from a different hieroglyph. Probably he has not studied hieroglyphic literature very profoundly; and he certainly makes a slip or two in his description of the earliest written document yet discovered. This, as is well known, is the epitaph of an Egyptian priest, which Mr. Madan gives as S'era. The French Catalogue at Gizeh gives it as Shiri, which is certainly wrong. Mr. Madan goes on to say that the stone in the Ashmolean is the only part of the monument that bears an inscription, and that the rest of the tomb is "in the Boulak Museum." It is three or four years since the objects at Boulak were transferred to Gizeh, where S'era's monument could not be identified with that at Oxford, did it not also bear an inscription. And, in fact, the Gizeh inscription is the most important; for, though it does not mention S'era's wife, it tells us, in addition to the fact that he was priest of Send, that he was also priest to a king, Perabsen, of whose place in history nothing else is known. It is characteristic of the Gizeh catalogue that he does not mention the stone at the Ashmolean, and neither does he insert the slightest reference to its extraordinary antiquity. Mr. Madan ought to have given us a full translation of the Oxford inscription, which mentions, among other things, if we remember right, two barrels of wine and thousands of loaves as among the good things provided for S'era's funeral feast.

A very useful chapter is that on the treatment and cataloguing of manuscripts, though here also paragraph after paragraph opens with an apology for extreme brevity. Mr. Madan supposes the case of a private collector who has bought a manuscript. It is probably labelled outside *Missale Romanum*, described in the sale catalogue as *Breviarium*, and found to be in reality a book of *Hora*. He goes through the various kinds of service books, giving the chief characteristics and some kind of clue or guide as to the condition and contents of each. Every one who has had to deal with manuscripts will agree with one sentence:—"No part of manuscript lore is more difficult to impart to others than the determination of the age." Unquestionably the judge of the age of a manuscript is born, like the poet, not made. If his powers are cultivated by practice, and especially by an occasional failure, he becomes literally infallible. He cannot err; yet, if asked his reasons, he can seldom give any—never any that will form a guide to another. The great German school, in which all things can be learned by book learning, fails over and over again. We have plenty of such people here, but the typical example is, of course, that of the famous Dr. Waagen, who was, generally speaking, as often wrong as right, but always "cocksure." Mr. Madan tells a pleasant anecdote of him, when he mistook the Latin word *isto*, in an illuminated manuscript, for "1530." A good judge, with a matured and practised judgment, should, immediately on opening a book, be able to tell when and where it was written. He may, or may not, be able to give his reasons. There can be no mistake between writing of the thirteenth century and writing of the fourteenth; but where the difference lies is not a thing for words, nor can it be imparted by descriptions. So, too, French, Flemish, and English illuminations differ at the same period, and the experienced eye will distinguish them easily, but the reasons, if attempted, would seem simply idiotic. Mr. Madan gives excellent directions to the makers of catalogues. The chapter on public and private records is full both of interesting and of useful particulars. The book ends with a list of public

* *Books in Manuscript* By Falconer Madan. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1893.

libraries which contain more than four thousand volumes of manuscripts. In the British Museum there are 52,000 and 162,000 charters. At Oxford there are 31,000, and at Cambridge only 6,000. The number at Dublin is omitted, though Mr. Madan heads his list "Great Britain and Ireland." The largest foreign collection is at the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, 80,000; and we are surprised to note that the famous Burgundian Library, at Brussels, only contains 30,000, and the Vatican 25,600. Altogether, we may commend this little volume as bringing together a great deal of valuable information. The illustrations are hardly as good as the letterpress deserves.

AMERICAN GOVERNMENT REPORTS.*

AMERICAN statistics have a reputation for abundance rather than for usefulness. It is commonly charged against them that they are heaps of undigested details turned out rather with an eye to the production of an imposing mass of printed matter than to the imparting of really useful information. The fifteen volumes which stand before us in "line abreast," as they say in the naval manoeuvres, will not, it is to be feared, convert the unbeliever. There is a great deal of undigested stuff in them. It is not, however, the case that all of them are to be condemned as mere hasty official book-making. They are, indeed, to be divided into real and apparent work. With a thoughtfulness which does it credit, the Department of the Interior has marked off the two classes by signs easily visible to the most careless eye. Five of the fifteen volumes are long, and ten are short. The tall ones are superior alike in quality and in size, printed in good type, on fair though somewhat shiny paper, containing the results of real work, and profusely illustrated. The ten short volumes are, speaking carefully, and in measured terms, as complete examples of the cheap and nasty as will be found anywhere.

The respectable minority contain the Reports of the United States Geological Survey. It is curious, and in a way instructive, to compare the Report of Mr. J. W. Powell, the Director of the Survey, printed in Part 1 of Vol. III. of the Reports for 1887 with some figures of the United States Pension List given in Vol. III. for 1891. From the two it appears that the Survey costs about 500,000 dollars a year, which is rather less than one twenty-fourth part of the additions made to the Pension List in 1890 alone—for purposes which are notorious. The hundred thousand pounds or so spent on the Geological Survey return the United States not a little honest work, done by competent men. What the Pension List produces we really do not know. It was meant to return a Republican President, but it did not even do that. No American off the stump has ever been heard to maintain that it represents the honestly-earned reward of real service. The Geological Survey may in parts be open to scientific criticism. Being the work of fallible human beings, who have necessarily to deal at times with matters of opinion, it could hardly be impeccable. But, at least, it does produce a very elaborate Survey—topographical as well as geological—and when it has done the very considerable work it has in hand, the United States will be mapped in an extraordinarily thorough manner. That day is far off yet. From the evidence of the Survey itself it appears that only a comparatively small part of the vast expanse of "these States" has yet been thoroughly dealt with. Indeed, the sum allotted is manifestly too small to provide a staff large enough to do the work quickly. Its quality, we repeat, appears to us to be good. Maps and photographs of places abound. The first are very clear and minute. The series which illustrates the Mono Lake district in the Sierra Nevada may be quoted merely as an example. The Survey does not confine itself to making geological and topographical maps. In the volume for 1888 there is a most elaborate account of the Charleston earthquake of August 1886, by Captain C. E. Dutton, of the United States Ordnance Corps. It occupies no less than 319 pages, and, to be candid, no small part of it is of the nature of mere reporting. The illustrations are not always severely scientific. A photograph of citizens of Charleston camping out in a public park because their houses were wrecked does not teach much as to the cause or course of earthquakes, though it may tell something of the consequences of one to those who are unlucky enough to be in its way. But possibly this superfluity of detail and picture represents Captain Dutton's zeal and desire to polish up his stanza.

It is not possible to say much good honestly of the other ten volumes. No doubt one may get something out of them by turn-

ing them over and skipping with discretion; for it would be absurd to talk of reading them through. To begin with, they are turned out in a form which is a disgrace to a country which can afford to increase its Pension List to the tune of twelve million dollars a year. The type is not bad, but the printing is disagreeably close, and the paper is vile. As a natural consequence, the page is hideous to look at and painful to read. The reports are what we should call Blue-book; but they are as inferior to our standard for such things as the Catnach Press is to—Foulis's, let us say. There is about the whole series of them a look as of an attempt to turn out the utmost possible bulk of report, merely to have something to show which will fill plenty of shelf, and is meant to do nothing more. Nor are the contents at all too good for the form. There are a great many mere bills, full of lists of tools, &c. It is, of course, right enough to have such things in Government departments, and even to print them from time to time for the satisfaction of members of Congress. But it is mere waste of money to bind them in volumes and scatter them over the world. What is not made up of lists and bills is too often mere gabble. The Report of Mr. W. T. Harris, Commissioner for Education (a subject which has an unequalled faculty for provoking gabble), is a striking example of an absolutely useless report. It is simply a very commonplace magazine article on national education at large. What, for instance, is the practical value of such a screed as this?—

'The French love of centralization and military display is quite as much an æsthetic one as a love of power and conquest. It differs from the old Roman love of arms and dominion in this respect. The Roman loved unity of will for its own sake, and made it his national purpose to reduce all people to the sway of one government, so that Roman law, the abstract form of civil freedom, should everywhere prevail and universal peace be the result. The French national spirit loves the unity that is manifested in a vast complex of details, perfectly subordinating them and reflecting itself in them. It loves the reflection of this unity in concrete masses rather than in the abstract form, and this is æsthetic rather than political or legal. It loves art more than equality before the law. French history shows that this hunger for manifestation has always accentuated this distinction from the old Roman, to whom, nevertheless, there still remains so great a resemblance (*cf.* the leading case of Macedon and Monmouth). It is old Rome incorporated with Athens—love of power subordinated to love of display. That is not to be understood as a love of vulgar display, but a noble love of art in its best forms—the love of the manifestation of the domination of human reason over brute matter. The best French aspiration loves to see reflected in all its surroundings the loftiest attributes of the soul—free rationality and its victory over chaos and confusion.'

We cannot agree with Mr. W. T. Harris. We are convinced that the best French chaos and confusion love to see reflected in all their free rationality the loftiest attributes of victory—aspersion, and the soul of its surroundings. Our view has not been reached, we assure him, without earnest thought, and we advance it with a modest confidence that it is at least as good sense as his. There are fifty-nine pages of Mr. Harris's every bit as eloquent and profound as the passage we have quoted. If any man thinks they will do him good, let him fall to; and not only on this volume, but on the Reports of the Secretary of the Interior, *passim*, where there is much more of the same sort of thing.

All subjects do not lend themselves so kindly as education to mere wishy-washy jabber. The management of the Indians, for instance, and of the Territories, cannot be made matter of report without every now and then having a fact to notice. It is not without a vague suspicion of a joke that we read, under the head "Oklahoma," that

'The peaceful and efficient overtures of the Government have been met in an intelligent spirit by the different Indian tribes visited by Commissions, and for valuable considerations large portions of their reservations have been ceded for settlement.'

But, in truth, this sentence does not conceal a story of fraud and violence. The United States Government does really appear to be endeavouring to do humanely by the Indians at last, and the course it is taking is one which we commend to the attention of those who play with Socialism in Europe. It is doing its best to introduce private ownership of land. The Commissioners agree that this is the one chance of settling the Indian down as an orderly civilized being. The system of reservations owned in common by the tribe has, they say, utterly broken down. It does nothing to correct the old vagabond savagery of the Red Man; but, on the contrary, being combined as it is with a system of dotes, it condemns him to perpetual pauperism. The new policy is to cut up the reservations into lots,

* Reports of the Secretary of the Interior. Vol. III., Parts 1 and 2. 1887. Vol. IV., 1888. Vols. II. and III. 1889. Vol. IV., Parts 1 and 2. 1889. (Geological Survey.) Vol. V. (Education). Parts 1 and 2. 1889. Vols. I., II., and III. 1890. Vols. I., II., and III. 1891. Washington Government Printing Office.

on which each Indian family will be settled by itself on its own holding. Then the Commissioners agree that, if the doles are cut off, each man may be influenced by the certainty that what he earns will belong to himself, and that if he does not work neither shall he eat. This is terrible, for here is the great Republic going to reproduce in cold blood, and for the purpose of destroying a communal system, that very separate ownership of land which has been so destructive in Europe—as the nationalists know. We have no great hope that the United States will succeed, but we are sure that they are going on the right road. If private property and a stoppage of the doles cannot make the Indian work, nothing can, and if he will not be must, in the long run, disappear. The reports from the Territories contain some curious information as to the effect which persecution (for, cant as they please, that is what it is) is having in Utah. We do not say that the Mormons ought not to be persecuted, we only say that it is persecution to follow a people who have gone into the desert in search of freedom to worship God in their own way, and fine or deprive them of the franchise because they practise polygamy, which their faith tells them is right. The Pilgrim Fathers were far better treated. It seems that the Mormons are taking now to concealing the official who presides at their marriages behind a curtain during the ceremony, in order that no evidence may be produced against him. Thus the evil is driven underground, which, as the more thoughtful agree, is far worse than leaving it free to display itself. Some details of the pension absurdity to which we referred at the beginning of this article may fitly bring it to an end. We notice that there are still twenty-three widows and daughters of "Revolutionary soldiers" receiving pensions, though the Revolution ended 110 years ago. Some gallant veterans must have married at a very advanced age very young wives. The increase in the issue of pension certificates, as Mr. Harrison's term came to an end, is pretty to look at. Here are the figures—1888, 113,173; 1889, 145,298; 1890, 151,658; 1891, 250,565. The bound up at the end says worlds in honour of the great Republic. The total amount disbursed for pensions in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, was 118,548,959 dols. 71 cents, or a good twenty-four millions sterling, and the press of work was so great that "at the close of the year there were 38,574 pensioners on the roll who remained unpaid for want of time, and who were entitled to receive 4,893,242 dols. 64 cents."

THE INDEX TO THE STATUTES.*

THE Statute Law Committee at present consists of two judges, a County Court judge, the head of the department of Parliamentary drafting and his predecessor in office, the permanent Secretary to the Treasury and his predecessor in office, the head of the Stationery Office, and the Secretary to the Lord Chancellor. This is what, in the slang of the day, may be called a "representative" Committee—that is to say, some of the members are lawyers who want things done conveniently, and others are Civil Servants who want them done cheap. Others, again, occupy a sort of middle position. This being so, it is astonishing that they turn out such good work as they do. The new edition of the *Index to the Statutes* is, in all probability, and as far as can be shown by any test not consisting of actual use for a reasonable length of time, very well done as far as it goes. But that is of little moment compared with the circumstance that it goes only half the proper distance. The Statute Law Committee declare in their preface that they "are desirous of receiving suggestions for the improvement of this Work." All possible suggestions are trivial by comparison with the obvious one that they should with all speed restore the Chronological Table of Statutes which has hitherto formed part of the same volume, and is now omitted for no reason that is apparent on the face of the work, and without any explanation of its absence.

The importance of the Chronological Table is this. Suppose a lawyer is engaged in the investigation of any legal point for any purpose, he is nearly certain to find some reference to some statute in the ordinary legal form—that is to say, the regnal year, the title of the sovereign under whom it was passed, and the numbers of chapter and section. If he has the Chronological Table, he has nothing to do but turn up the Act, and he sees at once what, roughly speaking, it was about, and whether any and how much of it has been repealed or amended, and when, and by what Act. If he has nothing but the new edition of the *Index to the Statutes*, he has first to find out from other sources what were the subjects

of the Act in question, then to turn it up under whatever heading seems to him most probable to have been adopted by the editor, then to trace it through, perhaps, two or three cross-references, consisting of recommendations to "see" something else, and ultimately discovers that in no place at all can he get that brief epitome of the history of the Act which the Chronological Table would have given him in the first instance. It is, therefore, no mere figure of speech to say that the present edition is just about half as useful as its predecessors.]

BURROWS'S COMMENTARIES ON THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

THIS is a thoughtful book, and well adapted to call forth thought in the reader. At first sight, being a single thick volume of business-like appearance, it might easily be classed among the bulky "manuals," of which in these days we have so many. But it in fact belongs to a different class. The aim and plan of the author will be best set forth in his own words:—

"There is no want of historical manuals, but readers of history, and even professed students, are not always aware what great additions are being silently made year by year to the materials from which that history is compiled. A fresh collation of facts thus becomes necessary from time to time, and the proportion which one set of facts was supposed to bear to another suffers a change which comes upon us almost by stealth. The fine monographs which have been composed upon particular persons, reigns, and periods, do in fact tend to obscure this vital element of truth and proportion in the general history of the nation. Each has its day; but time alone can lodge it in its proper correlation with the rest—often a very different place from that which was at first assigned to it.

"... To enable the student to grasp a large and difficult subject as a whole is one main object of the book."

The plan, it will be seen, has some affinity to that of Green's *Short History of the English People*, though the method of carrying it out is very different, and though there is frequently a more or less open protest against Green's views. Professor Burrows's work is far from being heavy—for his style is easy and clear, and he has a happy art of briefly and forcibly putting forth his view of a case—but yet he has not laid himself out to allure readers by detailed and picturesque narration. He presupposes in them, not only some knowledge of history, but also sufficient interest in the subject to reason, and to follow reasoning, upon it. His treatment of facts is concise; and, though recurring mention of the Cinque Ports reminds us that he is especially their historian, their real importance in the life of the nation justifies the notice they receive. Perhaps Sir John Brocas, Edward III.'s Gascon Master of the Horse, would hardly have found his way into the book if Professor Burrows had not felt for the Brocas family the tender interest of a biographer—we might say, of a discoverer—but the attention bestowed upon him is not excessive. The author's previous researches into Gascon affairs enable him to bring out effectively the importance of the English rule in Aquitaine, "the central fact round which all French and English history revolved for three centuries." The expected publication of the Gascon Rolls recently agreed upon between our Government and that of France will, it is to be hoped, eventually cause this "central fact" to be better appreciated. Professor Burrows is very wroth against a term to which we have all got accustomed—namely, "the Hundred Years' War." "Perhaps there is no phrase which has been more disastrous to the interests of history." To his mind, it obscures the existence of previous conflicts between the suzerains of France and "the English Dukes of Normandy," and the fact that "the contest was unavoidable from the moment of Henry II.'s marriage with Eleanor of Guienne." Nevertheless, there is a good deal to be said for the phrase, and even if it is in some degree misleading, the same objection may be taken to almost all the phrases which historians find it convenient to employ as labels for particular periods. But, setting questions of names aside, it does one's heart good to see how Professor Burrows stands up for his own countrymen in that war. Its righteousness, he boldly says, "has only been disputed in modern times, and apparently because on the one hand all war is supposed to be iniquitous, and on the other, because it is thought unwise to wound the susceptibilities of those who have long been friends and often allies." He, at any rate, is not of those who would "represent the resolute defence of their own possessions by the

* *Index to the Statutes in Force, Twelfth Edition, to the End of the Session, 55 & 56 Vict. (1892).* By Authority. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty. 1893.

* *Commentaries on the History of England from the Earliest Times to 1865.* By Montagu Burrows, Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Fellow of All Souls; Captain R.N.; F.S.A., &c. "Officier de l'Instruction Publique," France. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1893.

English as a barbarous error which requires apology"; and it is a happy question of his:—"If the mere drum-and-trumpet histories are unsatisfactory, what shall we say to those who insist on playing pastoral airs all through the din of battle?" At a later stage of the book, when setting forth the reasons which justify the war with Spain in 1739, he well observes that the indifference with which Englishmen are prone to regard the fair fame of their ancestors is in truth "only another form of pride." He is, perhaps, less happy in going on to call it "a barbarous overbearing form"; for it is the weakness, not of the barbarian, but of the man who piques himself upon being so pre-eminently civilized as to be above patriotism. Has not Stuart Mill recorded how he was once enough of a boy—therefore, with some slight touch of natural barbarism about him—to take part with his own countrymen against the American rebels, and how his more enlightened parent showed him that he was all wrong, according to the creed of philosophic Radicalism?

Altogether, the tone of Professor Burrows's work is in many points what an "advanced" young person will very likely regard as old-fashioned—"vieux jeu," as the intellectual young lady in the *Secret du Précepteur* used to say, unheeding the warning of her wiser *précepteur* that the *vieux jeu* of to-day will be the *nouveau jeu* of to-morrow. For, in spite of J. R. Green's audacious dictum that "war plays a small part in the real story of European nations," the old-fashioned "drum-and-trumpet history" is already reasserting its right to be heard; and with it have come back many of the older conceptions of the business of an historian. War and diplomacy and legislation, the character and the actions of kings and nobles, are not, indeed, the whole of history; but they are elements too important to be lightly regarded. Throughout the present book we find examples of old views and old methods which are now starting on a fresh lease of life. Only a short time ago it was the newest thing to say little or nothing about the Romans in Britain; now Professor Burrows is in accordance with the latest lights when he lays stress on the importance of studying the Roman period. "The Teutonic invaders came into a great inheritance; we ought to know what it was, for it affected their whole career." The same view has been recently put forth by Mr. York Powell in the *Classical Review*:—"Every year fresh research into English mediæval history shows increasingly the deep foundations laid by Rome in these islands." Taking a long leap from the Roman to the Hanoverian period, we again find Professor Burrows in agreement with the latest fashion in standing up for the early Georges, and for the policy which placed them on the British throne:—

"The nineteenth century pretends to be so much wiser than the eighteenth that we have been very generally called upon to treat the memory of the earlier sovereigns of the House of Brunswick with contempt, and even with vulgar ridicule. Educated people know better, and scarcely need to be reminded that, in the troubled times bequeathed to Great Britain by the earlier Stuarts, the people were moved by something beyond superficial likes and dislikes."

As for George III., Professor Burrows waxes almost enthusiastic in his cause, making a stout defence for him even on what are supposed to be the weakest points. "What was called his obstinacy generally, if not always, be expressed by a better word. It is only ignorance which treats him as dull or illiterate, perverting some of his rapid *obiter dicta*, or dwelling on malicious party-caricatures."

The region where we feel least in harmony with our author is that of Church matters; but in these the judgment is inevitably affected by individual temperament. The position of Professor Burrows is clearly that of an Anglican of a decidedly Protestant type, to whom mediæval doctrine is uncongenial. For his view of the Anselm controversy, in which he takes the side of the King against the Church, there is much to be said; and he was fully competent to say it himself without, as he does, falling back upon Dean Hook's opinion—an opinion which the Dean is believed to have subsequently modified. In the chapter on Wycliffe and his doctrines, Professor Burrows appears to us to have passed too lightly over the communistic tendencies which are generally traced in them. The statement that the Elizabethan alterations in the Second Prayer-Book of Edward VI. "were slight" is true enough, if quantity only is considered, but hardly so if quality is taken into account. Indeed, the author shows a consciousness of this when he adds that the alteration "of the Eucharistic Service helped to reconcile the Roman Catholics." We may here take occasion to mention a few points for consideration. The use of Witan (= *Sapientes*) as a singular—"a Witan"—jars on the ear. The notion that Queen Matilda was one of "the authors" of the Bayeux Tapestry is, we believe, among those which modern criticism has definitively abandoned.

On the other hand, the theory that the term "Conqueror," as applied to William the Norman, meant "acquirer," or *conqueror* in the legal, not the popular, sense, has been well supported—the late Mr. Freeman more than half accepted it—but Dr. Murray's recent conclusion is that it has no historical evidence in its favour. In the obscure business of the summons of King John before his suzerain of France, a few words might have been given to the doubt raised by M. Bémont as to the truth of the story that John was cited to answer for the death of Arthur. In the equally dark business of the series of *coups d'État* which placed Richard III. on the throne, Professor Burrows is inclined to throw over the received version of history or legend which represents Hastings as arrested and executed on one and the same day. "Evidence has come to light which seems to show that Hastings was not put to death for a week, nor without trial"; and the dates are given accordingly—June 13 (1483) for the arrest, June 20 for the execution. If we mistake not, the main evidence for this opinion, which has recently been put forward by Mr. Clements R. Markham, is that of Simon Stallworthe's letter of Saturday, June 21, in which it is stated that "on Friday last was the Lord Chamberlain [Hastings] headed soon upon noon." To our mind, "Friday last" is an ambiguous phrase to depend upon—it is not improbable that the letter-writer meant the Friday of the previous week—but still it is undeniable that a strict interpretation of his words supports the chronology which has been adopted in the book before us. To come down to a later time, we note the appearance of the familiar story of Tromp hoisting "the famous broom at the masthead." As to this, Professor Burrows, himself a naval man, must fight it out with Professor Laughton, who has been unkind enough to treat this picturesque incident as apocryphal.

There is yet one other point in which we find it hard wholly to go along with Professor Burrows. But we should be very glad to do so. In his concluding chapter he looks ahead into the future, and, arguing from past history, he has good hope for the nation and the Empire. What he says is very comforting and encouraging; and we can only pray that the event may justify his confidence.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.*

A PRIORI one would have thought it all but impossible to produce an inert book about Lord Chesterfield, yet the record has here been attained in 554 pages without a break. The volume labours on operosely from beginning to end, with traction-engine pace and puff, along a dull, dead level. It is some small consolation to the reader to perceive that the author was so tired, too, that he could not keep on penning his very baldest of narrative joinings without perpetual sleepy boggles in the very commonest of English, which he did not find it worth while to go back and correct. It may be pleaded that he had already given the cream in his *Wit and Wisdom of Lord Chesterfield*, but that is only another way of saying that we have all the flatness of the "separated milk" this time.

Mr. Ernst takes the surprising course—in his very first page—of holding out as unsurpassed "the perfect freedom and sincerity" of Lord Chesterfield's writing. In passing, be it said, his private manuscript "freedom," and that of a senile kind, is too often unprovokedly retained in public print by Mr. Ernst. But as to the "sincerity," it was chiefly cynical, and there was ever some art about it. It did not show in its natural hair, but in a very well-made wig, obvious as the best of wigs must be. Such a sweeping statement as this of Mr. Ernst's almost drives one to shoot over old ground. All the world knows that Lord Chesterfield was never tired of impressing dissimulation on his natural son. His tirades against honest laughter were solemn to the extreme of the ridiculous. "There is nothing so illiberal and so ill-bred as audible laughter"; which is the maxim of a flunkey. "I could heartily wish that you may never be heard to laugh while you live," which sounds like a curse, and not the blessing it was meant for. His political speeches which gained him reputation were all laboured, written constructions, declaimed essays; many of them written-up (afterwards, oddly enough) by the worm, called Johnson, who turned. "Here are, now, two speeches ascribed to him," would Johnson say at Streatham, "both of which were written by me; and the best of it is they have found out that one is like Demosthenes, and the other like Cicero." His declamation and his action were so highly unnatural as to lay him open to mimicry, and he was systematically "taken off" by some one in the House of Lords. His letters to his son Mr.

* *Memoirs of the Life of Philip Dormer, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield*. With numerous Letters now first Published from the Newcastle Papers. By W. Ernst, of the Inner Temple. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1893.

Ernst calls especially sincere, but they were written "like a book," and published as one, and he did a *réchauffé* of them for his godson and heir, and indeed their points were often warmed-up in such periodicals as *Fog's Journal*, *Common Sense*, and *The World*. Mr. Ernst's weighty pages are further heavily handicapped with scores of pages of extracts from these smothery old sheets, and from Johnson's Parliamentary Debates, in which the performing-elephant business—about the saddest thing shown on the sawdust—forms the whole of the oppressing entertainment. Those Lilliput debates were the last thing that lay on poor dying Johnson's pious conscience.

Mr. Ernst's attempts to reopen a long-judged cause, defending Lord Chesterfield against Johnson in the dictionary squabble, suggest the solidungulate, and show that he has never grasped the case. But why should this compiler be allowed to draw us back into such ancient history? It is pleasanter to be able to say that several of the letters, "now first published," are very well worth having, though too many merely show with still more abundance what a *rasoir* Lord Chesterfield had become to his Ministerial and other correspondents, with his perpetual son, whom everybody seemed to dislike—Boswell excepted, who had a good word for him at Dresden, as Mr. Ernst does not say.

Those of the new letters which touch on the "marriage" between Pitt and Newcastle, and on his own brief Irish Lord-Lieutenancy of seven months, are especially welcome. He made himself popular in Ireland with the ruling classes, though he made many hard hits at the Anglo-Irish habits and ways:—

"I cannot help saying that, except in your claret, which you are very solicitous should be two or three years old, you think less of two or three years hence than any people under the sun. Nine gentlemen in ten in Ireland are impoverished by the great quantity of claret which, from mistaken notions of hospitality and dignity, they think it necessary should be drunk in their houses."

But the conclusion drawn from this belongs to the petty category of the laughable mouse. It was a recommendation to develop bottle-facture:—"I wish every man in Ireland were obliged to make as many bottles as he empties, and your manufacture would be a very flourishing one indeed." But he did also urge and re-urge the flaxen industries, and wrote:—"I wish I could see your great politicians labouring for the good of their country like Hercules—with distaffs." His viceregal achievement of putting a phoenix "on the top of a fine Corinthian pillar in the Phoenix Deer Park" perpetuated an absurd corruption of the old Celtic name of the place.

What Mr. Ernst calls his "want of obsequiousness"—for which a more cantankerous name might be found—is well shown in the correspondence about "the dirtiest bishopric in Ireland," which he wanted, and at last got, for his chaplain Chenevix in the very year that Swift died. But as a shrewd and observant courtier he could be obsequious, too, and as Secretary of State was, so long as he could stomach it—fourteen months—a mere *commis*.

He hated field sports as much as laughter or music, and the celebrated saying about the opera—"I leave my sense and reason at the door with my half-guinea"—should be read with another, that "a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion." All field-sports were frivolous, and the resources of little minds. "Rustic sports, such as fox-chases, &c., are infinitely below the honest and industrious profession of a tailor." "The French manner of hunting is gentlemanlike; ours is only for bumpkins and boobies." To make amends, he should have credit for his love of London as "the most convenient place either to live or die in."

Although Lord Chesterfield must be debited with a dislike and distrust of "that tory Pitt," we can enter on the opposite side of the account some other excellent views. In 1762 he wrote:—"When Ireland is no longer dependent upon England, the Lord have mercy upon it!" In 1756 (now first published) he declared that "the disunion of those two powers of France and Germany is highly necessary for the security of Europe"; and to this last should be appended a stroke of political genius as far back as 1739:—"Whatever Christianity may teach with regard to private life, I am sure it inculcates no such doctrines with regard to the behaviour of nations or Governments towards one another." His well-known prophecies, in 1752-3, about the coming fortunes of France and its "Revolution principles," may have come from Duclos in part, but they were so definite as still to bear re-repetition. He was almost violent, in 1766, against taxing the American colonies; made a useful treaty in March 1731, at the Hague; went there usefully again in 1745; was made the spokesman in the Lords, in 1751, for introducing the "new style" of dating; built Chesterfield House, and refused a dukedom in 1748, and the Presidency of the Council in 1750. A respectable, though not a champion, record.

It used to be said in his lifetime that his wit was all puns; but good wits often well use a good pun, and all Lord Chesterfield's wit wasn't Lord Chesterfield's by a long way. More than enough of it bears the trade-mark of that well-known and favourite farce-meat press and Macédoine slicery at Strawberry Hill.

We have been brought up by at least three repetitions of some size in this book; one of them about the pickpocket Mr. Ernst met "in the Park," who seems to weigh on his mind. And why does the compiler insist on reproducing in English "the Prince of Bareith" and "Margrave of Bareith"? The note "That is, *the Devil*," on p. 42, is delicious.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

CARAN D'ACHE is the friend of man; and we are friends to Caran d'Ache. As August comes round (and also on other occasions) we look to him to "expand our spleen"—the celebrated British spleen—and he faileth not to do so. His present volume (1) has no pretensions to unity of treatment, and its component parts naturally differ in merit. But we do not know that it is inferior to the inimitable *Carnet de chèques* in anything but unity and appropriateness of subject. The tragedy with which it opens—a tragedy wherein the actors are an old invalid, two conscripts, and an unfortunate pastrycook's boy, whose patriotic attention to a tale of Sebastopol is rewarded by the most terrible disaster to his wares—depends chiefly on this agreeable draughtsman's power of varying facial expression. Some will think that his ambition in this respect has somewhat overleaped itself in the succeeding series, "Une vache qui regarde passer le train." But there can be no doubt about the third, which is a tumultuous and complete romance in pictures. A velveteened *rapin* reclines on his idle couch, not even working, though he owes three "terms" to the respectable *propriétaire*, who is at the moment toiling up the stairs to demand his rights. Knock at the door; recognition through keyhole; despair of artist. Suddenly he has an idea; and on a blank canvas already standing on the easel sketches a portrait of the monster, dashing to the keyhole now and again for "sittings," while the said monster rings, knocks, yells, and at last flings his person against the door. It yields; but by this time art has done its work, and when the infuriated one enters he beholds on the easel an exquisitely smug and *digne* counterfeit of himself. Wrath changes to rapture; arrangement is at once effected; and the *propriétaire* descends smiling at the portrait he carries, while the artist triumphantly brandishes the receipt for the three quarters' rent. Some may like "Le Cheval (en collaboration avec M. de Buffon)" even better; it is certainly as good, and there is more of it; while the affecting and masterly history of "Muselière pour tous" is simply *navrant* to all but those who basely delight in the woes of a badgered aristocracy. There is plenty more fun in the book.

We can, in this place, give but brief and inadequate notice to a volume which every one who has the slightest tincture of scholarship will recognize as showing the best characteristics of the scholar. M. Berger's *History of the Vulgate during the Earlier Middle Ages* (2) displays an extraordinary familiarity with MSS. in all the libraries of Europe, and a thorough knowledge of all that has been previously written on the subject. He speaks with personal indebtedness and personal gratitude of more than one English scholar, especially the Bishop of Salisbury; and he has, of course, to give a very large share of his work to the part contributed by scribes, in and from these islands, both British and Irish, to the subject-matter of his work. His book is, in point of knowledge, one which probably not half a dozen scholars in Europe are competent to criticize; but it is an admirable storehouse of knowledge for others.

"La formation des mondes, avec portrait de l'auteur" is an epigraph which is capable of misconstruction. But the portrait is that of M. Turpin (3) who has written a survey as well as a theory (by no means excluding the religious element, but principally critical and scientific) of the history, before proceeding to the discussion, of his abstruse subject. What the sun of our sun is, whether Vega or another, and similar questions, occupy M. Turpin when he has discussed the theories of the ancients. His book is illustrated by many diagrams of vortices, nebulae, and such like things.

M. Olivier du Chastel, who has already done some work of promise, has made a very ambitious attempt in *L'œuvre de Gamme* (4). It may be described as a satiric romance, one of the

(1) *Bric-à-brac*. Par Caran d'Ache. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Histoire de la Vulgate pendant les premiers siècles du moyen âge*. Par S. Berger. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *La formation des mondes*. Par Eugène Turpin. Paris: Savine.

(4) *L'œuvre de Gamme*. Par Olivier du Chastel. Paris: Perrin.

most difficult kinds of fiction, and in it M. du Chastel attacks, from the point of view of a *jeune* himself, the whole *fin de siècle* tradition in society, literature, morality, manners, and what not. Gamma is the instrument of a Levantine usurer who is not at all particular what means she uses to get and keep flies in his web. Among her victims in this respect is a certain Grégoire Neuville, a fashionable novelist who is nearly as fond of jargonizing English in his books as certain novelists on this side of the Channel are of jargonizing French, and who does us the honour to borrow or invent an English phrase called "speak-out," which he employs to excuse a very considerable worship of the great goddess Lubricity. This and certain personal charms of a counterjumperish character make him the idol of the other sex. Another thread of the story is connected with the resolve, unfortunately late in life, of a certain noble and old-fashioned Count Philippe de Mauguerre to marry. Unluckily for him he is allured from a certain angelic widow, Elsie Chartier, by the younger charms of her daughter Valentine, a young lady quite as advanced as her probable prototype in Feuillet's *Honneur d'artiste*. To her, after her marriage, enters the lady-killer Grégoire, and readers may be left to find out how M. du Chastel, still not without Feuilletian reminiscences, and by the aid of Gamma's vengeance, brings about a catastrophe. The attempt is, as we say, ambitious, and the author has, perhaps, committed the fault, common to young writers, of putting too much in his book, and of not treating the whole either with quite sufficient artistic unity, or the parts with complete success. But it is a very clever book, and on the right side.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ONE of the most valuable and entertaining volumes in the "International Scientific Series" is the *History of Recent Crustacea* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), by the Rev. Thomas R. R. Stebbing, who possesses in a remarkable degree the art of stimulating the curiosity of the reader and directing the student's ardour and observation to the most profitable channels. He is master of an engaging style, and offers words of cheer and counsel of encouragement to the beginner who may be dismayed by the bewildering riches of the crustacean world. No man need despair, he observes, of finding out something for his private and personal benefit while investigating the physiology of the shrimp. The young British collector is heartened at every stage in Mr. Stebbing's manual by the author's genial and practical encouragement of patient investigation. He will turn to the study of the amphipods and isopods of English waters with renewed enthusiasm after reading Mr. Stebbing's admirable history of the discoveries of science. If the field of observation is almost infinite, the opportunities for discovery are scarcely less limited. "We are warranted," as Mr. Stebbing remarks, "in supposing that, down to the finest hair, every detail of every organism has its motive and meaning." Such is the lesson of discoveries in the past. Every branch of the subject treated by Mr. Stebbing is presented in the most interesting and significant light. His concise history of the Cumacea and of the Oxytomata, his description of the Schizopoda, of the Squillida, and of the anomalous crabs, are excellent examples of the writer's vitalizing illustrative art. His dealing with crustacean anatomy is not less lucid than his delineation of the life-history of a species. Although the present volume is a scientific history, the non-scientific literature of the subject is rightly, though briefly, dealt with in the opening chapters. The trained eye sees only beauty and marvellous significance in the monsters of the deep of which Olaus Magnus wrote. The terrors inspired by the huge crabs of the New World were very real terrors, and not unnatural. It was well believed that these huge creatures took men to their arms, like any bear, and crushed them, and devoured. Did not the famous Captain "François Drack," according to Boac and others, although fully armed, fall a victim to a great American crab? But these are fables; and, though men have died from time to time of crabs, they were not devoured of them. From Gesner the old drawings are given in Mr. Stebbing's book of these wild encounters. There is the stirring picture of a lobster eating a man; and another of the terrific fight between a lobster and a rhinoceros-whale, who looks like a prodigious "sea-horse," spotted like the pard—or like the Leicester Square horse, as some wag once painted it. Of another order of illustration are the many excellent drawings in the book of the *Challenger* treasures, and from Spence Bate, De Haan, Hansen, S. J. Smith, G. O. Sars, and others. Many are the strange matters in the invisible world displayed which Mr. Stebbing discusses. There are, for example, those vain and alluring crabs, described

by Dr. Eisig and Dr. Graeffe, that clothe themselves with picturesque garments of polyp or algae. The gourmet knows something of the dressing of a crab; but what does he know of the crab's dressing of himself, and the various styles in which he adorns his own carapace? Altogether, Mr. Stebbing's History is a rousing and delightful volume.

To some extent the story of Lincoln's life is inseparable from the story of the Secession War, and it rests with the biographer to define the limits and proportional relation to be observed. The treatment of this important point by Mr. John T. Morse, jun., in his two volumes, *Abraham Lincoln* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), is on the whole to be commended. Mr. Morse gives a clear and fairly concise account of the President's administration, so far as Lincoln's share in directing military affairs may be considered as personal, and shows no disposition to regard him, as some have done, as a heaven-born organizer of campaigns. Fairly told is the story of what Mr. Morse calls the McClellan drama. That Lincoln blundered in military matters on more than one occasion is, of course, beyond dispute. When, for example, Jackson made his brilliant dash from the Shenandoah Valley on to Harper's Ferry, before which Banks fell back, till defeated at Winchester, Lincoln believed that what was a strategic diversion was a serious advance in force and a threatening of Washington. Something like a panic seized Stanton and the other Ministers when they heard of the famous foray of Jackson. Lincoln recalled McDowell's much-needed reinforcement of McClellan just as it might have effected union easily, and ordered both McDowell and Fremont to move on to the Shenandoah Valley to catch Jackson, as he hoped, in a "trap." That clever General, however, slipped back unharmed between the two forces, gained his old base, having achieved his object by defeating Banks and neutralizing a Unionist army three times his superior in numbers. But, if Lincoln was sometimes at fault, it was well for the Unionist cause that it was he, and not Stanton, who held supreme control. The services rendered to the North by the sound policy and shrewd common sense of Lincoln can scarcely be overestimated. In the firm attitude he took with regard to the Trent affair he was almost alone—according to some authorities, absolutely alone—in declaring that Captain Wilkes had no right to "turn his quarter-deck into a Court of Admiralty," and that, "if England insisted upon our surrendering the prisoners, we must do so, and must apologize." When Seward was for exciting the bird o' freedom to scream defiance, like Stanton and the rest, and drew up a letter of instructions for Adams, full of high-falutin' nonsense and patriotic rhodomontade—"adapted to domestic consumption in the States," as Mr. Morse puts it—it was Lincoln who promptly reduced the document to terms of sound policy and common sense. Lincoln's capacity for right action in hours of emergency was in itself an element of greatness. Mr. Morse discards the notion of "divine inspiration." His judgment of Lincoln's character is tolerably just. He thinks it was "part of the good fortune of the country that the President was not a brilliant man." This is unquestionably true. Lincoln's solid gifts of sagacity, determination, and courage were of more value than more showy qualities in troublous times. Above all, as Mr. Morse well observes, he was a masterful man and resolute. "Whenever he saw fit to be master, master he was," and it was fortunate, surrounded as he was by shallow and conceited colleagues, that he was composed of such stern elements.

Mr. H. D. Rawnsley's memorial poems collected under the title *Valete* (Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons) have considerable charm of diction, felicity of allusion, and a stately and melodious flow which accords with the elegiac nature of the poet's theme. Most of the poems take the sonnet form, in which the writer has already shown such excellence as justifies his partiality for it. The opening poem on Tennyson, however, is in a six-verse stanza which, we think, is novel, though of simple construction. The poem is graceful and natural in sentiment, and notable for the happy experience of a poetic retrospect that is mindful of the suggestions of poetic associations. It reveals, what Mr. Rawnsley exhibits in his "Sonnets round the Coast," a happy treatment of the topographical sentiment, well shown also in the sonnets "Clevedon" and "Farringford," printed in the present volume. We give with pleasure a stanza from the fine memorial poem on Tennyson that opens the collection:—

Now he is gone, who spoke with Greece and Rome,
And took the herdsman's sunny pipe, and played
Idyllic music fit for English shade;
Who, in his ocean-sounding island home,
Walked with the mighty Homer unafraid,
And Saxon metre to his thunder made.

Much minor verse, we are assured, is redeemed from utter inanity by a certain accomplishment in metrical art; but this

skill in the verser's exercise is decidedly not perceptible in *Fleet-
ing Thoughts*, by Caroline Edwards Prentice (Putnam's Sons).
The "thoughts" enshrined in this pretty little book are occa-
sionally worthy of a more finished setting. The ear is vexed by
the inefficient, if not harsh-sounding, execution of the verse-
maker.

If it were not for the prodigious daring implied by his opening
poem, Mr. Henry Howard's little book of commonplace verse—
Christabel (concluded), with Other Poems (Kegan Paul, Trench,
Trübner, & Co.)—would not call for the passing notice of a line.
In such "sing-song" as this—

When ceased the maid 'twas good to see
What then I saw and tell to thee;
The morning had been dull and drear,
Not once the blessed sun shone clear—

does Mr. Howard proclaim the delicacy of his ear, and his
appreciation of the magical qualities of the Coleridgean verse.

Homespun, by Annie S. Swan (Hutchinson & Co.), is put forth
as "a study of a simple folk," the simple folk being composed of
Scottish weavers in a rural district. The story is well written,
interesting, and marked by considerable cleverness of characteriza-
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We have also received *Transactions* of the Cumberland and
Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society, Vol. XII.,
Part II. (Kendal: Wilson); *Papers* of the American Society of
Church History (Putnam's Sons), edited by the Rev. S.
Macauley Jackson, M.A., Vol. V.; *Youth*, by Charles Wagner,
translated from the French by Ernest Redwood (Osgood,
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of Christ*, by Professor Roberts, D.D. (Gardner); the late
Cardinal Newman's *Meditations and Devotions* (Longmans &
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lectures on the newly-recovered fragments, by J. Armitage
Robinson, B.D., and Montague Rhodes James, M.A. (Clay &
Sons); *French Jansenists*, by the author of "Many Voices"
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Dialogi Tres*, recensuit Guilhelmus R. Paton (Berlin: Weidmann),
with Latin prefaces and notes; *Odes of Horace*, Books I. and
II., with translation by R. W. Reynolds (Hodder & Stoughton),
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Part V., edited by C. H. Wright and D. Dewar (Bell & Sons);
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Edith Carpenter (Putnam's Sons); *Tim Teddington's Dream*, by
Agnes Giberne, cheap edition ("Home Words"); *A League of
Justice*, by Morrison L. Swift (Boston: Commonwealth Society);
Holidays in Belgium, by Percy Lindley, a capital illustrated
"holiday handbook"; *Cigarette Papers for Holiday-Smoking*, by
Joseph Hatton, a short descriptive guide to Holland and Finland
vid "the Hook," illustrated by W. H. Margetson and J. F.
Weedon; *A Forest Poem*, by R. T. Cooper, M.D. (Stott); and
the *Programme* of the Cambridge Syndicate for Local Lectures,
fourth summer meeting at Cambridge, July 29 to August 26,
with a map of Cambridge, list of lodgings, &c. (Cambridge:
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